

Leatherneck

JUNE 1952

MAGAZINE OF THE MARINES

25c



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LOOK! ONE HAND...
NO EYES...NO BOTHERS
...NO ERRORS!

You pick up this razor . . . you position it . . . you shave clean and fast with it . . . without looking or even thinking about it! That's because your EVERSHARP-SCHICK INJECTOR RAZOR and BLADES are such a perfectly-engineered unit of shaving MAGIC. So light in weight . . . so right in size, shape, flexibility . . . so exactly correct in tolerance between skin-guard and scalpel-sharp blades!

**WORLD'S CLEANEST,
SMOOTHEST SHAVES**



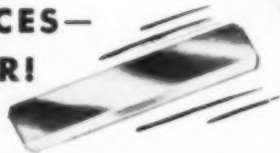
YOUR 4 BIGGEST SHAVING NUISANCES— BANISHED FOREVER!

1. FINGERS NEVER TOUCH THE BLADE!
So you can't cut fingers. Push-pull, click-click! Blade locks in correct position!

3. LESS IRRITATION! Exclusive guard bar insures smoother, cleaner shaves—even under nose and around lips.

2. NOTHING TO TAKE APART! And nothing to put together! No awkward twisting or turning. To clean—simply rinse, shake, put away.

4. NO TIME WASTED! Nationwide tests prove EVERSHARP-SCHICK out-speeds—out-shaves any razor going.



Push! Pull!
Click Click!
Change Blades
That Quick!

Genuine,
New Improved BLADES

73¢ FOR 20 BLADES

New, Gold-plated RAZOR

WITH 12 NEW
"GOLD PACK" BLADES **98¢**

EVERSHARP-SCHICK

INJECTOR RAZOR AND BLADES

It had to be good to get where it is



Have a Coke



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THE LEATHERNECK, JUNE, 1952

VOLUME XXXV, NUMBER 6

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FAR EASTERN STAFF: MSgt. Fred G. Braitsch, SSgt. Curtis W. Jordan and Sgt. Leslie Smith.

SOUND OFF

Edited by
TSgt. Elmer Ill

THE EGG-BEATERS

Dear Leatherneck Editors:

I have just completed a six month tour of duty with the 3d Battalion, 7th Marines. Most of the time I was with the "rifles," and my respect and admiration for these men can never be put down on paper. However, this letter is formed with another outfit in mind; i.e., the fliers attached to the helicopter unit of VMO-6. I have seen their little egg-beaters come up to our position many times, always on the same heartbreaking mission—the evacuation of casualties.

They have landed in the midst of heavy mortar barrages and braved many a withering hail of small arms fire. In one instance a pilot landed his "copter" on a ridge line in full view of the enemy and assisted us in carrying two seriously wounded men up an icy slope. He took the men to a Medical Company and then returned to the same spot, landed again, and took out a third badly injured man and a KIA. There was absolutely no other place to land but on that open ridge, and the pilot, whose name I will never know, didn't hesitate a second. He landed there and took his chances.

The men who fly these little machines are not acclaimed as heroes, except in the hearts of the infantry. They don't knock down MIGs and they never blast a bunker with rockets and bombs, but day after day they are up front, saving lives of wounded Marines and instilling confidence and a sense of security to those who someday might be wounded.

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 41)

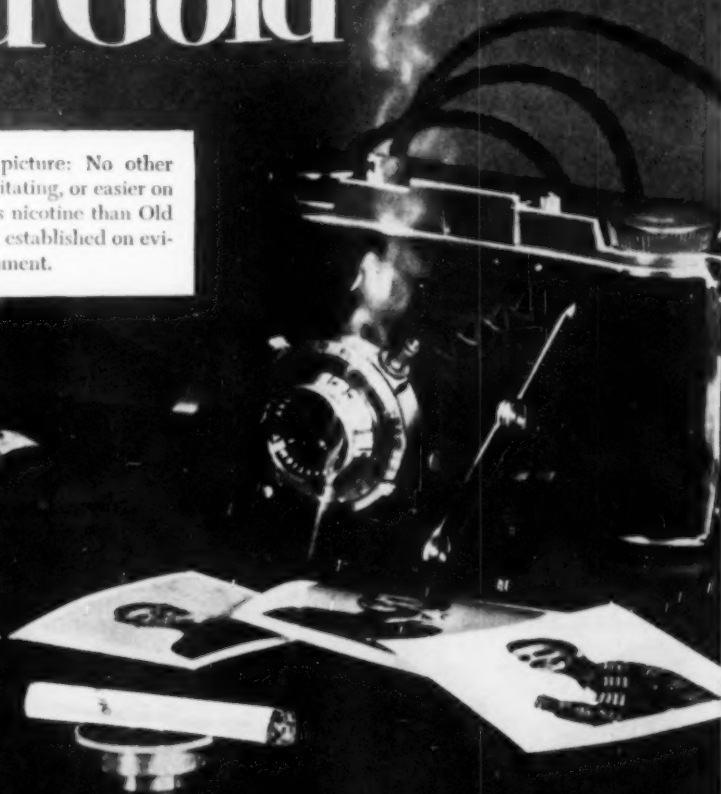
THIS MONTH'S COVER . . .

A Marine tank driver can't quite bring himself to crush a patch of Korean flowers — nostalgic memories of his mother's back yard nosegay. Whimsy by Leatherneck artist, Staff Sergeant George Booth.

We focus on one thought...

For a **TREAT**
instead of a **TREATMENT**... smoke
Old Gold

Here's today's cigarette picture: No other leading cigarette is less irritating, or easier on the throat, or contains less nicotine than Old Gold. This conclusion was established on evidence by the U. S. Government.





"Come a little closer! I like men who use Mennen skin bracer!"

She loves its ♡
♡ **HE-MAN AROMA**
You like its
WAKE-UP TINGLE

WAKE UP YOUR FACE, MEN! Here's the splash with dash! It's America's wake-up favorite—the bracing, tingling facial tonic that starts your every day—and every date—in chin-up, zestful style!

Cooling, soothing, fresh, refreshing—with a crisp he-man aroma all its own.

And that scent is made to linger—keep the faintest air of well-groomed man about you long after you yourself no longer notice it! Added plus: helps heal tiny razor nicks.

Take it from the ladies—use Mennen Skin Bracer and “come a little closer!”

America's Largest-Selling After-Shave Lotion

MENNEN
skin bracer
FOR MEN

TWO SIZES: Giant 9-oz. size Large 5-oz. bottle



SOUND OFF

[continued from page 2]

A salute and best wishes to the men who fly the “Egg-Beaters”.

R. S. Walter, HN, USN

“C” Co., 1st Med. Bn.

1st Marine Division

FPO, San Francisco, Calif.

● Amen and ditto, Doc. What else is there to say?—Ed.

NAVY TO MARINE

Dear Sarge:

Since making a decision, some two years ago, to reenlist in the Marine Corps on discharge from the Navy I've been subscribing to the *Leatherneck* in an effort to learn as much as possible about the Corps. Especially the field of communications. There are still a few questions as yet unanswered, which I think perhaps you might clear up for me. The Recruiting offices have given several answers but conflict on the ones contained herein.



First, a few necessary statistics, then the questions. On discharge from the Navy, I'll have completed 11 years and attained the rating of Engineman First Class. During this period I've attended three Naval Schools; Battery and Gyro at New London, Conn.; Radarman's School and Electronics Material School at Treasure Island, California, graduating in each case.

In view of the above, is it possible to enlist in the Marine Corps with a rating higher than Pfc? If so, what rating?

Will reenlistment from the Navy to the Marine Corps constitute broken service, or will the preceding 11 years be counted on 20?

And last, will the time in the Navy count on the “grade multiple” when going up for advancement, as it does in the Navy?

Any information that you might pass along on these questions will be greatly appreciated. In the meantime, keep up the good work on “Sound Off”, you're doing a 4.0 job.

Name withheld by request

● At the present time, upon joining the U. S. Marine Corps, the highest rank you could be appointed to is Private First Class. However, Headquarters Marine Corps is looking into this situation and recruiting stations will have the information first.

All your active duty time counts on 20, both Navy and Marine Corps. A switch from service to service is not broken time.

At the present time your "grade multiple" does not count towards promotion in the Marine Corps.—Ed.

WOMEN'S DRESS WHITES

Dear Sirs:

May I sound off in mourning for the passing of the Women Marines' proudest possession—the white summer dress uniform? I am fully aware of the fact that the dress whites may still be obtained by Women Officers and enlisted WMs on recruiting duty. But I am also aware of the fact that the dress whites are (or should I say, were) the pride and joy of every woman who ever wore them and the envy of women in other branches of the military service. How can I ever forget the feeling of "knocking their eyes out" when we used to get all dressed up in



our stiffly starched whites and set out on liberty? And I can truthfully say that on one occasion a group of three WR's in gleaming whites literally stopped the music when they entered one of Jacksonville, Florida's finest night clubs, way back in 1944. All of this is beside the fact. But just what in the world will we wear in the summer when we want to get "dressed up"? Those slimy seersuckers? The greatest stretch of my imagination doesn't enable me to feel really dressed up in those things. Besides, we wear them to work every day.

The fact that I am on recruiting duty is irrelevant. I can still wear my dress whites for a while longer. But I hate to think of having to explain to any prospective women recruits who are attracted by my whites that THEY can't have any. "Your summer uniforms will be green and white striped seersucker."

I realize that there probably isn't anything that can be done about it. The decision has been made. But at

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 8)

foot-notes for the Services...



fight **ATHLETES FOOT**
with **QUINSANA!**



DO AS FOOT
SPECIALISTS DO

Feet burn and itch? Peeling skin on the soles or cracks between the toes? Then watch out! These are often symptoms of nagging, miserable Athletes Foot. If you have any one of them, get Quinsana... fast!

Quinsana... a remarkable medicated powder that kills the fungi that cause Athletes Foot... that fights infection, cools and soothes irritated skin. No wonder millions of people have used it... no wonder so many doctors, chiropodists and podiatrists use it on their patients. Use Quinsana daily... simply shake it on your feet and between your toes. Shake a little Quinsana in your shoes to keep tired, aching feet cool and comfortable.

91% of the foot specialists replying to a survey at the National Association of Chiropodists Convention said they use Quinsana on their patients. Think of it! Of hundreds quizzed, 91% of those who replied use Quinsana!

MENNEN

QUINSANA

ONLY **49¢**

TAX FREE



**why zip, zip, zip
when**

one zip does it!

Carry a Zippo and get a light the first time—every time! One zip and Zippo is lit—even in wind or rain. And—Zippo offers you FREE mechanical repair service! Ask your Ships Service Store how you can get a Zippo engraved with your name or message in your own handwriting!

ZIPPO

**the one-zip
windproof lighter**

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Sky lines

Edited by SSgt. John P. McConnell



Lockheed Photo

The bottom and side views of two Lockheed T-33 jet trainers were caught with a single snap of the camera in this unusual air picture

The General Electric Company has placed the nation's first jet-propelled "laboratory" for high-speed testing of turbojet engines of advanced designs in full operation.

The "lab", a four-jet North American B-45 bomber carrying a fifth test engine in a specially-designed nacelle under the bomb-bay, was first flown in preliminary tests several months ago. A bomber was assigned by the Air Force to the company to flight-test new jet engines developed by the GE Aircraft Gas Turbine Department at Lockland, Ohio, at speeds never before attained in such operations.

Among the turbojets to be flight tested are the company's latest model, the powerful J-73 and the J-47-GE-17 reheat engine.

Based at the company's Flight Test Center, Schenectady, N.Y., the "jet laboratory" joins a fleet of specially-equipped planes used to flight-test aircraft equipment under development for the Armed Forces. These include a Boeing B-29 "flying laboratory", another B-45 which is being flown in an accelerated program to evaluate the service life of GE J-47 engines, and a Lockheed F-94 fighter used to test automatic flight control equipment.

The engine nacelle of the "jet labora-

tory", partially retractable into the bomb-bay when not in use, will accommodate turbojet engines considerably larger than any yet announced.

* * *

The Cherry Point "Windsock" has announced that Captain Theodore S. Williams is expected there for duty about July 12. He is the famous Ted Williams of the Boston Red Sox.

* * *

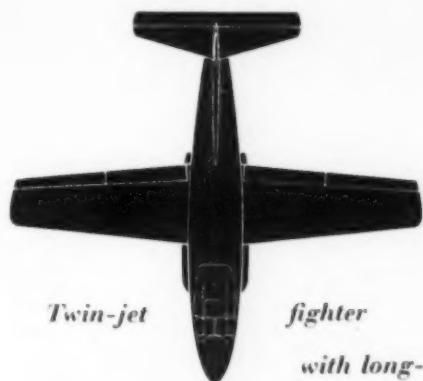
Lockheed at Burbank, Calif., has announced a speed-up in final assembly-line work on the T-33 jet trainer. The accelerated production coincided with receipt of Air Force orders for large additional quantities of the T-33.

* * *

Engineers at Lockheed have invented a scientific airplane torture machine with a 500,000-pound squeeze to test the strength of parts. The "fatigue tester" can pound pressures as fast as 2000 times a minute or as slow as five times a minute.

* * *

A recent report states that the cost of electronic equipment alone in some new jet bombers is more than the entire cost of two WW II heavy bombers.



Twin-jet

fighter

with long-range

radar eyes



—the Douglas Skyknight

Designed and built for Navy carriers, the Douglas F3D Skyknight provides our fleets with round-the-clock protection. Attack, patrol, reconnaissance, or escort, Skyknight can handle them all.

Aided by its radar eyes, the Skyknight can search out distant targets 24 hours

a day. The pilot of this unique two-man, twin-jet, long-range fighter—guided by his radar operator—comes in on targets with split-hair accuracy . . . to hit with both rockets and bullets. And although Skyknight approaches sonic speeds, its hydraulic flaps can slow it down for

combat maneuvers or carrier landings.

The carrier-based F3D Skyknight, now in volume production, is typical of Douglas leadership in aviation. Planes that can be mass-produced to fly further and faster with a bigger payload is the basic rule of Douglas design.



Depend on **DOUGLAS**

First in Aviation

for a lot
more shine
in a lot
less time



LANOLIZE your shoes with
ESQUIRE BOOT POLISH

it's easier... it's speedier

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**YES, YOU CAN BEAT THE HIGH COST OF LIVING
—and keep your family with you!**



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LIGHTHOUSE 2700 offers all the comfort, convenience and privacy possible; spacious combination living-dining room; bedroom with "walk-around" double bed; completely equipped bathroom with separate shower. Write for the name of your dealer today.

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SOUND OFF

[continued from page 5]

least I can use this means of expressing my feeling that the Women Marines have suffered a severe blow and have lost an invaluable asset. This uniform was the cause of a statement made by a woman radio commentator on Easter Sunday, 1945 to the effect—"A salute to the best dressed women in the Easter parade—the Women Marines."

Sincerely,

SSgt. Mary E. Whitehead
1012 18th Avenue, South

Nashville, Tennessee

● There was a reason for the change, Sergeant Whitehead. The Corps is trying to keep the women's uniforms as similar to the men's as possible. The men do not have dress whites; therefore, no dress whites for the women.

Headquarters Marine Corps is at present contemplating a new dress uniform for Women Marines.—Ed.

COMBAT ISSUE

Dear Editor:

We are slightly puzzled and would like for you to straighten us out.

The situation is this: we are in Korea where clothing allowances have been suspended and now due to the fact that we are short gear that was



lost in transit, they inform us "Cash Sales" will go for all who wish to bring their issue up to full strength.

What we would like to know is why we are given the chance to buy this gear when we are supposed to get it gratis?

Yours truly,

Sgt. P. M. Davis Jr., USMCR

Corp. M. J. Weller, Jr., USMC

Corp. Richard E. Lee, USMC

Pfc John R. Montgomery, Jr., USMC

"A" Btry, 1st 90-mm. AAA Gun Bn.
CFPO, San Francisco, Calif.

● Section G of Marine Corps Memorandum 6-52 says you will be issued, on an in-kind basis, enough clothing to bring the individual up to the initial monetary allowance as set forth in enclosure one to Marine Corps Memorandum 6-52. This gratuitous issue is upon return from the combat zone and includes an inventory of the clothing left behind when entering combat.—Ed.

NCO FITNESS REPORTS

Dear Editor:

I have a suggestion on the showing of noncommissioned officer fitness reports to the individual concerned.

After reading Paragraph Nine of Enclosure One to Marine Corps General Order Number 74, which reads as follows: "reporting officers are encouraged to show fitness reports to the noncommissioned officers reported on in order that they may be duly advised of their progress or weakness so that they may take steps toward self-improvement." I have come to the conclusion that this paragraph has been inadvertently overlooked by most reporting seniors.

It is believed that form NAVMC 655-PD could be revised to the extent that the noncommissioned officer reported on could sign the report after



being marked by the reporting senior. A statement of the individual concerned could be placed on the report at the time of signature, such as: "I have reviewed the foregoing report;" then in the future there would be no misunderstanding.

TSgt. Jesse L. Altman, Jr.
USMC Recruiting Station

Houston, Texas.

● As it now stands, commanding officers are encouraged, but they are not obligated to show fitness report markings to noncommissioned officers. Actually, General Order Number 74 has been in effect for only one report of fitness. This is hardly enough time to judge whether the system is satisfactory.—Ed.

JACKET, BATTLE?

Dear Sir:

Could you please settle a little argument between a buddy and myself?

He says the Marine green winter jacket is known officially as a "Jacket, battle," and I say that the Corps calls it a "Jacket, field, wool green." Which is right, or better yet, what is the official designation for the jacket?

Sincerely yours,
Sgt. James T. Hyland
H&S Co., 7th Marines
1st Marine Division

FPO, San Francisco, Calif.

● The official nomenclature is: Jacket, service winter, green.—Ed.

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 12)



Ease That Tension...

chew fresh-flavored WRIGLEY'S SPEARMINT GUM

Until your order is called, chewing a little stick of Wrigley's Spearmint will go a long way to make time pass more quickly... hold back those "ready-line jitters." Its lively flavor satisfies your sudden yen for "something

good," and the pleasant chewing freshens your taste, moistens mouth and throat—even gives you a bit of a lift! Enjoy some Wrigley's Spearmint Gum today. Pick up a pack next trip to the PX.

KEEP A
PACK
IN YOUR
POCKET



AE97

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No War Clause!

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Mutual Life Insurance Company
(AN OLD LINE LEGAL RESERVE COMPANY)

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& Sons

TAILOR AND HABERDASHER
QUANTICO, VA.

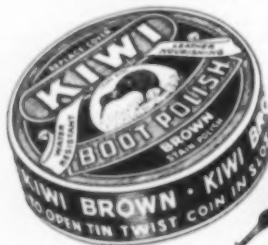
Uniforms made to
measure. Delivery
time ranges from
three to thirty days.



Brighter Shines

WITH ½ THE RUBBING

- Gives those grand "Parade Shines" that last and last.
- Covers up scuff marks—helps keep shoes softer, more comfortable.
- The servicemen's favorite the world over! Famous in 136 Countries.



THE OLD GUNNY SAYS . . .

"**A**LL RIGHT, THIS liberty party—gather 'round here a minute. I wanta put out some dope before you go ashore today.

"There's been a lotta talk in the papers the past few years about how the Armed Forces give men bad habits. A lotta mommas' boys 'learn to be bad'. Well, I don't know about that. Most of the 'eight-balls' I've seen in the Corps were that way before we got them. Somewhere along the way their homes, schools, and churches didn't do a very good job. They didn't give us very good material to work with. But the Corps takes these few 'sacks' along with the many good boots and usually turns out good men. And it may surprise the 'sob-sisters'—but we also turn out some gentlemen even tho that ain't our main job.

"Now I'm not interested in 'Fancy Dancs' or ballroom acrobats—but I am interested in how you men look and act in public when you wear that uniform. Because any Marine that acts like a jerk ashore reflects on me and all other Marines.

"The first thing that impresses people is the way you look in that uniform. Keep your coat buttoned up and wear that cap in a military manner. If you can't stand keepin' your shirt collars and cuffs buttoned, and your tie blocked up—then don't wear a uniform ashore. Wear sport clothes. Keep your hands out of your pockets.

"When you go into eating places take your cap off. Sit up straight and keep your elbows off the table. Put your napkin on your lap. If you're with a gal, help her with her chair and coat—and let her order first. And don't go grabbin' for the chow and making strange noises like some of the 'chow-hounds' do over at the mess.

"People always notice service men on public trains and busses. You can never go wrong by offering your seat to a lady if there's a crowd. Just be considerate of other passengers, and watch your appearance and language.

"I've never been impressed by a character who uses rough language. Salty, foul talk never made a better man. One Marine usin' bum language in public not only makes a fool of himself—but hurts the reputation of the whole Corps.

"The characters who usually 'calk-off' ashore are the ones who have a couple of beers and then think they are rugged, salty individuals. They end up acting like clowns and disgusting everybody, including themselves when they wise up. I'm not trying to tell you men how to drink. I'm just suggesting that if you do it in uniform—learn how to handle it. You'll keep out of a lotta trouble.

"Now, I might mention that Marines enjoy a pretty good reputation among the ladies. This reputation is the result of many years work on the part of many good Marines. I know. I don't like to think that you people go ashore and don't live up to this valuable reputation. So believe me; always be polite with a lady—regardless of age, shape, or size.

"Before you shove off, remember you are expected back here for duty at a definite time. Before you start spending all that easy money, figure how much you will need to get back here on time. An AWOL is one of the most stupid ways to foul up a record I know of.

"And take it from me, lads, if you follow these pointers you may pitch a more successful liberty than even you expect. You ugly characters may find that the ladies like you for something more than your uniform.

"Have a good time."

END



Zero in
on
Pepsi



and you'll get...



MORE BOUNCE
TO THE OUNCE

WHY TAKE LESS . . . WHEN PEPSI'S BEST

"Must reading"

... for the Fighting Man

COLD STEEL

by John J. Styers

You read condensed versions of Mr. Styers' chapters on The Bayonet, The Stick, Knife Fighting and Knife Throwing in the Leatherneck. The COMPLETE material, plus an entirely new chapter on Unarmed Combat, is now published in book form for the first time.

Mr. Styers writes on a grim subject, but it is one that every fighting man must master to survive. This is the manual you have been waiting for.

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160 Illustrations

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... while copies are still available

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SOUND OFF

[continued from page 9]

NAVY CROSSES

Gentlemen:

Could you please tell me the names of Marines who won two or more Navy Crosses in World War II?

Sincerely,

Pfc. H. F. Larson, USMC
Co "G", 3d Bn, 1st Marines
1st Marine Division

FPO, San Francisco, Calif.

● The following named Marines won at least two Navy Crosses during World War II: Captain Marion E. Carl, Lieutenant Colonel Evans F. Carlson, Captain Elmer G. Glidden, Jr., Captain James G. Headly, Lieutenant Colonel Robert E. Hill, Colonel Harry B. Liversedge, Captain Fenton J. Mee, Colonel Lewis B. Puller, Major Peter J. Ortiz, Lieutenant William G. Shoemaker, Lieutenant Colonel Louis W. Walt, Lieutenant Robert W. Vaupell, Captain James B. Shanley and Captain Francis L. Fagan. The ranks listed are those held at the time the man was cited.—Ed.

WO SAVED PAY

Dear Sir:

In reference to appointment to Warrant Officer from Master Sergeant. The Saved Pay Clause as provided in 78309 Marine Corps Manual is confusing so to speak. Would a Master Sergeant drawing \$249.90 base pay, \$85.00 quarters, \$67.50 for subsistence and \$6.60 for clothing maintenance allowance, draw the aggregate amount upon being appointed to Warrant Officer? The pay as a Master Sergeant in this case would be much greater



than that as a Warrant Officer and the Marine Corps Manual states "all pay and allowances" that he is drawing at the time of such appointment, whichever is greater.

Name withheld by request

● You are right. As long as you remain on this particular type of duty you will receive the larger amount. In this case, your pay as a Master Sergeant is greater. However, upon being detached, you would no longer be entitled to the \$67.50 subsistence and would automatically revert to the W-1 pay table.—Ed.

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 74)



Introducing the COUGAR...New Navy Jet Fighter



The F9F-6 COUGAR is a sleek, swept wing successor to the battle-proved Grumman PANTHER, the first jet used in combat by our Navy. Much faster than the "over 600 mph" PANTHER, the new COUGAR has the same low landing and take-off speed. This difficult performance combination is ideal for carrier and front line operations by Navy and Marine Corps pilots.

GRUMMAN AIRCRAFT ENGINEERING CORPORATION, BETHPAGE, LONG ISLAND, N. Y.

Contractors to the Armed Forces

THIS IS IT!



that miracle
MICROSHEEN shine

The miracle of Microsheen, developed by Griffin, brings you a New Griffin Boot Polish with the finest deep-tone brilliance you've ever seen.

Microscopically fine in texture, it shines to a gleaming brilliance at the first stroke of the brush. Its rich luster lasts days longer.

Try New Griffin Boot Polish. Used regularly it keeps shoes looking smart for months of extra wear. Price 25c. Get some today.



25c
GRIFFIN
BOOT POLISH



Leatherneck receives many letters requesting information concerning members of the Marine Corps, and other branches of the service. Condensations of these letters are published in this column as a service to our readers.

Former Marine Daniel D. Goneretsky, 2048 Mapes Ave., Bronx 60, N. Y., would like to hear from buddies he served with in Colonel Torrey's MAG-22 on Okinawa and Japan.

SSgt. Henry A. Carter, Hdq. Co., Ser. Bn., Quantico, Va., wishes to contact 1st Lt. Conner Hollingsworth and 2nd Lt. Joseph W. Reisler.

SSgt. Earl W. Colney, MB, Mare Island, Vallejo, Calif., wishes to hear from SSgt. Glenn B. Stumpe who was last known to be at MB, Pearl Harbor.

Mrs. C. H. Shick, 4120 Atascadero Dr., San Diego 7, Calif., would like to hear from anyone who served with her son, Pfc Jerry A. Schick, reported killed in action August 13, 1950, while serving with "B" Co., 1st Bn., 5th Marines, 1st Mar. Div. She would especially like to contact Sgt. Kenneth Collins.

Miss Irene Marte, Whittemore, Iowa, wishes to hear from Marine Carl Flynn, believed to be in Korea.

Sgt. Joseph Skli, "B" Btry., 2nd 90-mm. AAA Gun Bn., Camp Lejeune, N. C., would like to hear from Pfc John Obrenski or anyone knowing his whereabouts.

Pfc Richard A. Rose, MABS-13, MAG-13, c/o FPO San Francisco, Calif., wishes to contact Pfc James D. Little who went through boot camp with Plt. 202, August, 1951, at San Diego.

Miss Lucy Ann Gooding, 826 McIndor St., Wausau, Wis., wishes to contact Corp. Donald T. Price or anyone knowing his whereabouts.

Corp. Charles Garabedian, 3245 Montecito Ave., Fresno 2, Calif., wishes to hear from "Whit" Witaker and other buddies who served with him in "E" Co., 2nd Bn., 1st Marines, 1st Mar. Div.

Mr. and Mrs. James W. Norment, 2389 La Rose Ave., Memphis, Tenn., wish to contact SSgt. Eagan or anyone else who served with their son Pfc Charles R. Norment, Wpns. Co., 3rd Bn., 1st Marines, 1st Mar. Div., reported killed June 13, 1951, in Korea.

Sgt. Charles J. Berriel, AF-12291646, 502 TAC. CON. GP., APO 970, c/o P. M., San Francisco, Calif., wishes to hear from buddies of Corp. Pete Schiro, "D" Co., 1st Eng. Bn., 7th Marines, 1st Mar. Div., reported killed in action June 19, 1951, in Korea.

Pfc William B. Gillie, "D" Co., 2nd Bn., 1st Mar. Div., c/o FPO San Francisco, Calif., would like to hear from Pfc Thomas Malcolm and Pfc Edward Hellit or anyone knowing their whereabouts.

Mr. and Mrs. Angelo Cassano, 542 W. R. Ave., Verona, Pa., wish to hear from anyone who served with their son, Pfc Vincent Angelo Cassano, "E" Co., 2nd Bn., 5th Marines, 1st Mar. Div., reported killed in action March 6, 1952, in Korea.

Former Marine Samuel S. Maggio, 1667 Sinc St., La Salle, Ill., would like to hear from buddies who were in Plt. 484, May-June, 1944, at MCRD, San Diego. Also anyone serving with "A" Co., 1st Bn., 23rd Marines on Maui and Iwo Jima in 1944-45.

Pfc R. T. Womack, MCDS Annex Repair Co., Barstow, Calif., wishes to hear from members "Ruffoni's Raiders", Plt. 311, MCRD, San Diego, 1951.

C. P. (Val) Valensuella, P. O. Box 449, San Jacinto, Calif., would like to hear from anyone who served with the MD, Sitka, Alaska, from Nov., 1941, to Feb., 1943.

Former Marine Harold Smith, 1800 Graylock Ave., Monterey Beach, Calif., wishes to contact Sgt. Edward J. Holtz. Also any buddies who served with Marine Ser. Sqdn. 12, MAG 12, FMAW during 1950-51.

Sgt. James E. Minter, Unit 28, Victory Homes, Barstow, Calif., wishes to hear from Corp. Homer Dudley and Corp. Lewis Wright, boot camp buddies in early 1951 at San Diego.

Pvt. W. C. Bradshaw, "E" Co., 2nd Bn., 8th Marines, 2nd Mar. Div., Camp Lejeune, N. C., wishes to contact Pfc Wilbur B. Wilson.

Former Marine Robert Williamson, 7244 Jackson, Baseline, Mich., wishes to hear from Corp. Jim Bond or anyone knowing his whereabouts.

Former Marine Malcolm E. Bisso, 671 Emmons Ave., Birmingham, Mich., wishes to contact Sgt. Elmer A. Kassube, formerly on legation duty in Damascus, Syria.

Corp. R. M. Jennings, H&S Co., 2nd Bn., 7th Marines, 1st Mar. Div., c/o FPO San Francisco, Calif., would like to hear from Corp. James E. Stewart, formerly stationed at Pearl Harbor, T. H.

Mrs. Dorothy Bauer, RFD 1, Ringwood, Ill., wishes to contact anyone who served with her brother, Corp. Melvin H. Jones, "D" Btry., 2nd Bn., 11th Marines, 1st Mar. Div., reported killed in Korea.

Pfc Cleve Titus, Comm. Sec. Liaison Grp., 1st KMC Regt., 1st Mar. Div. c/o FPO San Francisco, Calif., and Corp. Arnold J. Esposito, "A" Co., 1st Tank Bn., 1st Mar. Div., c/o FPO San Francisco, Calif., wish to hear from Pfc Nick Rafaltis or anyone knowing his whereabouts.

Corp. Marvin W. Funchess, "F" Co., 2nd Bn., 7th Marines, 1st Mar. Div., c/o FPO San Francisco, Calif., would like to hear from Corp. Richard C. Stachulak.

Former Marine Thomas S. Currie, 180 E. 10th Lane, Jamaica Bay Prof., Brooklyn 36, N. Y., would like to contact Col. J. Weber, who commanded "M" Co., 3rd

Bn., 7th Marines on Guadalcanal in 1942.

TSgt. A. J. Ricciardi, D & I Sec., 1st Recruit Trng. Bn., Spl. Trng. Co., San Diego, Calif., would like to hear from SSgt. W. B. Gully who formerly served in "H" Co., 3rd Bn., 7th Marines, 1st Mar. Div. or anyone knowing his whereabouts.

Former Marine Donald D. Duncan, RR 3, Box 27, Merrill, Wis., wishes to contact Pfc Donald L. Fenton and Martin McGrath; also former buddies of "E" Co., 3rd Inf. Trng. Bn., Tent Camp 2, Camp Pendleton, Oceanside, Calif.

Mrs. William Gorsuch, Baker St., Andover, N. Y., would like to hear from anyone who served with her son, Pfc William H. Gorsuch, 2nd Bn., 5th Marines, 1st Mar. Div., who reportedly died in Korea.

Sgt. Ronald L. Curran, Jr., Hdq., 3rd Nav. Dist., c/o Duty Office, Rm. 1516, 90 Church St., N. Y. 7, N. Y., wishes to contact Pfc Robert Larson who formerly served with the 7th Marines in Korea.

Sgt. John W. Sheppard, Ser. Co., Marine Forwarding Depot, Portsmouth, Va., wishes to contact MSgt. Hudson, formerly stationed with Maint. Co., Eng. Plt., Combat Grp., Camp Lejeune, N. C., in 1949-50.

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 67)

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Aviation BIRTHDAY



In 1923 two Marine pilots set a whopping record in American aviation by jockeying these double

wingers from Santo Domingo City to St. Louis. Breath-taking distance they covered was 2670 miles



First Lieutenant A. A. Cunningham, first pilot of the Marine Corps, at controls of the "Noisy Nan."

Although this grasshopper never attained the clouds she was the gran'dame of today's global air power

by TSgt. Robert W. Tallent

Leatherneck Staff Writer

THE first scrambling attempt to get the Marine Corps airborne was made just about 40 years ago on a humid July afternoon within the confines of the Philadelphia Navy Yard. Aeronautically speaking it was a failure. "Noisy Nan," the first Marine plane, never attained the clouds. Her lines more nearly resembled those of a grasshopper than an eagle. Still, she was the gran'dame of all the Devilbirds, the Corsairs, Panthers and Tigercats that claw through the skies over Korea today.

Nan's pilot, Lieutenant Alfred A. Cunningham, was determined to get in the air. After days of tinkering and experimenting with Marine plane No. 1, rented from a local inventor for \$25 a month, he decided to try another tack. He returned the ship to its disillusioned owner, then coaxed the Navy and

Marine Corps into sending him to Annapolis for flying duty.

On May 22nd of the following year Lieut. Cunningham was ordered to report to the Naval Academy for "duty in connection with aviation." He became the first Marine officer to be designated a Naval Aviator. This meager beginning was the birth of Marine Aviation. On the first day of August, the same year, Lieut. Cunningham climaxed an intensive course of instruction lasting exactly two hours and 40 minutes by making his first solo flight at Marblehead, Mass.

Shortly after this, the Corps' first aerial pioneer was joined by Lieutenant Bernard L. Smith, Marine Aviator No. 2, who later became renowned in aviation annals. Two months later Sergeant James Maguire, a hard, adventurous type, reported in at Annapolis. Among other things he was a mechanic and the first enlisted Marine to be connected with Marine air.

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AVIATION BIRTHDAY (cont.)

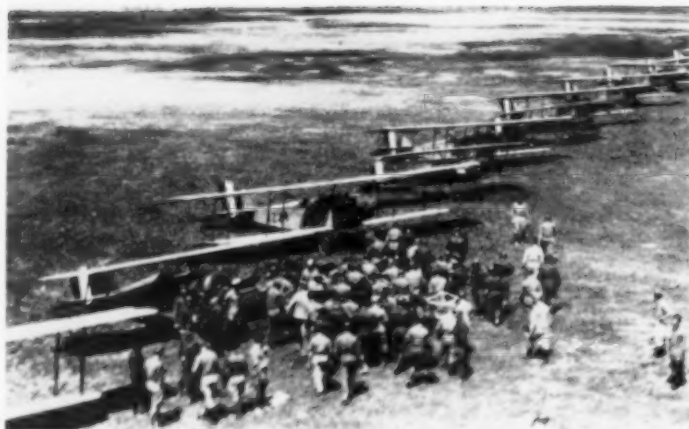
For a period of almost one year this trio was Marine Aviation. Then late in 1913 Lieutenant William M. McIlvain became Aviator No. 3. This vastly expanded organization rocked along until the last day of that year. It was then that Lieutenants Smith and McIlvain were designated an "aviation detachment" and ordered to Culebra for duty with the Marine Advance Base Brigade. The congestion caused by having so many Marine pilots around Annapolis must have been greatly relieved when two thirds of the complement sailed for Puerto Rico in 1914.

It was during this time that military and naval aviation in the United States was having trouble cutting its teeth. The European nations had seized on the fighting possibilities of aircraft. France, Germany, England and Russia



were allotting millions for developing their respective military aviation departments. The Congress of the United States, however, was appropriating only a few cents by comparison. The ruling body was not wholly to blame. At the time of aviation infancy, the high brass of both the Army and Navy regarded it with less than mild enthusiasm. Aircraft were looked upon as little more than expensive toys. With all of Europe on a short fuse, neither service was interested in the purchase of playthings. The admirals and generals wanted to beef up their battle tested existing weapons and ignore the creation of punier new arms.

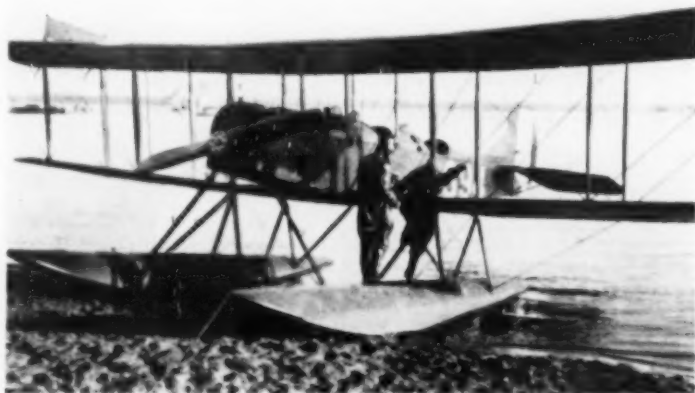
The attitude was one of, "Play with your kites boys, but keep out of the way of the big guns." The answer from the fledgling air service came in a whisper, muted, but determined. Besides keeping their crates in the air, the pilots had something to prove. Men on flying duty became tub pounding, militant crusaders for their jobs. No risk was too great to make a point. Within the Marine Corps, Lieutenants Cunningham, Smith and McIlvain




In 1918, these aviators, mechanics and planes were getting ready to jump off from the Marine Flying Field in Miami. Destination, France



Marine airmen in France in WWI. At war's end Marines had dropped 52,000 pounds of bombs; destroyed 12 enemy planes in 57 missions



Given a pair of goggles and a hot "Jenny", these War I Marine fliers could take off from a puddle. In the air, they flew by sheer instinct



The Marine Corps' pilots were flying the DeHavilland Curtiss Falcon in 1927

The first scrambling attempt to get the Marine Air Corps airborne was made just about 40 years ago at Philly

were vigorously thumping their own drums. The aggressiveness of these early sky men, their do and be damned spirit, was the first tradition of the new arm. It has continued down through four decades of service, three good sized wars and innumerable smaller campaigns.

Difficulties with Mexico broke out in 1914. Marines and bluejackets landed at Vera Cruz. Navy and Marine airmen stampeded over each other to get permission to go along. Here was a chance to demonstrate service aviation! A fistful of pilots got an okay from headquarters and went in with the landing force. For several weeks they made flights into the interior of the country surrounding the Mexican port city, scouting out hostile build-ups. The reconnaissance flights were the first actual proof of the value of aviation in a field campaign. The fliers were rewarded for their feats in the campaign by a large ho-hum on

the home front. By participating in the Vera Cruz action, however, a wedge had been driven in the dike of prejudice against military flying.

This and other considerations caused Congress, in a magnanimous gesture the following year, to set the air strength of the Marine Corps at "12 officers and 24 enlisted men." At the start of World War II, 26 years later, the strength was 653 officers and 5313 enlisted men.

Much in the manner of the guy who fired an arrow into the air then lost it, the Navy was experiencing troubles around the start of the century in observing the fall of shot from its ships. Ordinance advances had out-paced observation. Ships could toss broadsides over the horizon, but it didn't do much good if the gunners couldn't find out if the shells were landing on the target. Observers high in the cage masts couldn't keep track of the salvos.

There followed a long period of experimentation. A man-carrying box kite trailing off the stern of a battleship was tried. This met with little approval either from the admirals or the captains, and none from the hapless character who juggled beneath the kite in a bosun's seat. Balloons were next on the list. The cables anchoring the bags to the mother ship showed a strong tendency to part, leaving balloon and observer to drift over the seas.

Finally the air men were privileged to get in the act. They rigged jury platforms atop turrets on the dreadnaughts by utilizing the lately invented radio-telephone. A few accidental dunkings later, the system worked after a fashion. The next move was to install a catapult. In 1915 Lieut. Cunningham became the first Marine pilot to catapult from a battleship under way. He was tossed off the stern of the North Carolina in a Cur-

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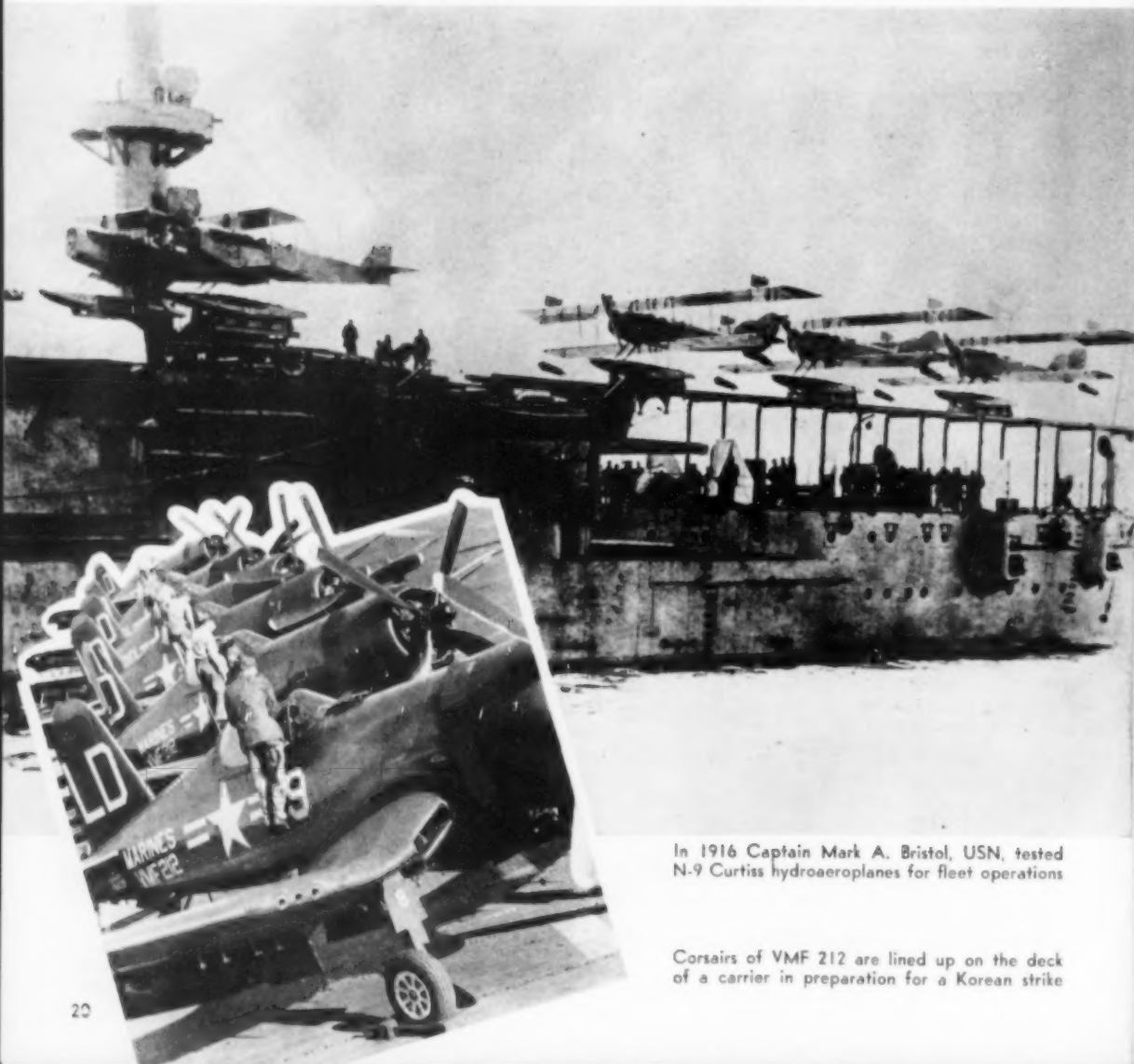
AVIATION BIRTHDAY (cont.)



Popular training plane during War One was the F-Boat. Note the simplified bombsight near pilot



Time was when there were hardly enough Marine aviators on hand to form the abbreviation, "M. C."



In 1916 Captain Mark A. Bristol, USN, tested N-9 Curtiss hydroaeroplanes for fleet operations

Corsairs of VMF 212 are lined up on the deck of a carrier in preparation for a Korean strike



Grumman Hellcats in formation over the NAS, Sand Point, Seattle, Washington. In 1944 Marine pilots were flying these planes in combat



F4U "Corsair", armed with eight 100-pound bombs and a napalm tank, gets the take off signal for a strike on Communist targets in Korea



Marine autogyro test-hop in the 30s. Two gyros were tried in Nicaragua for evacuation purposes



First Division troops, carrying combat equipment, board a transport helicopter headed for the front

TURN PAGE

tiss flying boat. The catapult fouled up, however, and Cunningham went into the drink. The crash broke Cunningham's back, but with his torso heavily taped, he was back in the cockpit a few days later. Records show that he never lost a day of duty as a result of the accident.

Less than a year later he was chalking up another first. He became the first Navy or Marine aviator to fly a land plane. Prior to that, Naval flying had been limited to pontoon type craft. The Marine Corps was establishing its hallmark of versatility.

Lieutenant Francis T. Evans, Marine Aviator No. 4, refused to accept the word of the experts who said that a seaplane couldn't recover from a loop, a stall or a spin. Lieut. Evans took up an N-9 seaplane and ran through the book. He got the Distinguished Flying Cross—some 20 years later.

During the days before World War I, the future of Marine Air had its ups and downs. Corps air might was an unknown quantity from day to day. In 1916 Gunnery Sergeant Walter E. McCaughtry flew a plane at the Navy's Aeronautic Station, Pensacola, Florida, and became the first Marine enlisted man to solo in an aircraft. A husky, fair lieutenant named Roy S. Geiger appeared on the scene and commenced his heroic aviation career at Pensacola shortly before Sgt. McCaughtry's epic flight.

When the war kicked off, the total strength of Marine aviation commenced feverish preparations for combat. All 35 officers and men expected to be rushed to France immediately to head off Kaiser Bill. But it didn't happen that way. The first group of Marines to leave the States, tagged the First Aeronautic Company and numbering 12 officers and 133 enlisted men, sailed from Philadelphia for the island of Sao Miguel in the Azores where they

AVIATION BIRTHDAY (cont.)

pulled anti-submarine patrol duty. This was January, 1918!

It was Major Cunningham who took charge of expanding the Corps air arm at the start of the war. After the program was underway he went to Europe and studied operating conditions. On his return, in his usual forceful manner, he strongly recommended that Marines take a hand as the Day Wing of the Navy's Northern Bombing Group.

Squadrons A, B, and C, plus Headquarters Company of the First Marine Aviation Force looking for a fight or frolic, unloaded at Brest, France, on the last day of July in 1918. They found both in a hurry. Sky scrapping was at a peak and while the Marines arrived sans flyable aircraft, they begged operational hops from the Allies. Senior Marine pilots flew for several weeks with the British and French squadrons over Belgium and Germany.

Early in September the Marines logged their first enemy kill. Sergeant Thomas L. McCullough was over Core-march, Belgium, when eight German Fokker pursuits hopped him. McCullough smoked one German then hauled for home when his machine gun jammed. Less than three weeks later, Lieutenant Everett Brewer and rear gunner, Sergeant Harry Wershiner, tangled with 15 enemy scout planes. They managed to slap down three Germans then Wershiner got a slug in the chest and Brewer caught another one in the hip. Both men returned safely to their field.

A French regiment, cut off near Stadenburg, afforded the Marines their lone chance to make an air support mission in the war. Captains Francis Mulcahy and Robert S. Lytle, Lieutenant Frank Nelms and Gunnery Sergeant Amil Wiman loaded their bombers with groceries and skimmed in over the besieged *poilus*. Despite a pasting from German machine gun and artillery fire the Marines successfully completed four drops. In October the Marines had enough De Havilland-4 bombers to start combat operations as squadrons. At the war's end the Marines had unloaded 52,000 pounds of bombs, made supply drops, and destroyed 12 enemy planes in 57 missions. It was the beginning of three decades of fighting and combat support missions for Marine aviation units.

Peacetime brought a forced landing to the hopes of expansion and improvement of the air arm. The "Banana Wars" brought more experience to Marine aviators but little in the way of new advanced equipment up until the time of Pearl Harbor. For years, in



One of the many valuable helicopter services. Pilot, Ens. Gordon E. Strickland, is rescued by HU-1 after crash over side of USS Essex



Carrier-based attack bombers, Navy Skyraiders, pass over flattened enemy marshalling yard in Korea, in search of new, strategic targets



The new "Cutlass." Chance Vought's Navy F7U, powered by the J-34 Westinghouse jet engine, is the world's fastest carrier-based aircraft

operations against insurrectionists in Haiti, the Dominican Republic and in the Pacific and China, the Marines patched and flew their battered War I DH-4s.

The technique of dive bombing was worked out by Lieutenant Lawson H. M. Sanderson in action against the Cacos in Haiti during the fighting in 1919. Lieut. Sanderson perfected his new system by manufacturing a bomb rack from a gunny sack. For a sight he used a rifle barrel. Although the low cost equipment was primitive, it worked with astounding accuracy. Sanderson's squadron immediately took



up training and until the Cacos were subdued in 1921 the fliers employed a sort of modified dive bombing with excellent results.

The Stateside squadrons of the Marines were also setting new records after the war ended. Two DH-4s made the longest round trip flight ever recorded in 1921. They flew 4842 miles from Washington, D. C., to Port au Prince, Haiti. Later that same year Marines successfully completed their first night flight in a Vought and DH-4.

When trouble broke in Nicaragua in 1927, the Marine air arm rushed in with advance ground forces. It was the biggest (continued on page 73)



American planes and the men who keep them flying are hitting hard in Korea

WONSAN

MARINES

SSgt. Curtis W. Jordan

Leatherneck Staff Writer



ONE OF THE hottest little UN corners in Korea is the group of islands which lie off the enemy-held port city of Wonsan. The utilization of these islands has enabled UN naval gunfire to reduce the city to rubble by blasting railheads, roads and bridges. This action has diminished the once steady stream of military supplies which poured through Wonsan to feed the Communist army in the southern part of the peninsula.

From these islands a small group

of Marines point the big guns of the fleet at the city of Wonsan. They are the shore-fire-control-party Marines—the eyes of the Navy in Wonsan Bay. With powerful glasses, they probe the enemy shoreline for fat military targets. Then, by radio, they direct their destruction.

Wonsan is the Chicago of Korea—a prize military objective, located on the northeast section of the coast. It is a junction for all land traffic through the strategic Seoul-Wonsan corridor, and the only feasible supply route on

the east coast to link the industrial north with the Red army in the south.

Since the UN naval blockade of Korea, Wonsan has been pounded with more naval bombardment than any city in history. The Marines on the Wonsan islands can vouch for the effectiveness of this bombardment; they direct and observe the fire. They are also on hand to receive the retaliation from the inhabitants of the mainland.

The Marines are in a precarious location; they are sitting ducks, only a few thousand yards off the mainland

Since the UN naval blockade of Korea, the enemy-held port city of Wonsan has been pounded with more naval bombardment than any city in history. Marines have been pointing the guns



First Lieutenant R. Stephens, OinC of a shore-fire-control party team sights in on the Communist-held Wonsan mainland from nearby island

which is covered with fortified bunkers containing thousands of enemy troops. From their island positions, the Marines are able to spot these enemy emplacements and have them blasted with naval gunfire. Using powerful scopes they can scan the shoreline for surface craft and search for inland convoys of trucks and trains. All are fair game.

A few remaining bridges and tracks are still in evidence, but their use is restricted to the protective cover of darkness. Even then, trains have to run the gauntlet of naval fire—like a base runner trying to steal home.

Small fishing craft and sampans slipping into the bay from inland rivers are spotted and reported to prowling destroyers. The North Koreans whose livelihood depends upon fish, are forced to confine their labors to inland rivers and streams.

This hot, front row seat is not occupied by the Marines on a complimentary ticket. They are not there as guests of the management. Acts of reprisal are frequent—the enemy is constantly trying to push the Marines off with raids and gunfire.

But holding and defending islands has been a specialty of the Corps for a long time. The Wonsan Marines are planted solidly and they're supported by many allied personnel. Their position is strengthened further by elements of Task Force Ninety-five.

Last November the enemy tried to

get rough and attempted to evict the Marines from the island nearest the mainland. After a two-hour battle, the Reds unwillingly renewed the lease. At that time the defenders included an assortment of British, Korean and American Marines.

The responsibility of maintaining the overall military security of the islands rests upon Colonel Frank M. Reinecke, USMC. This lean Kentuckian has welded the island defenses into a smoothly running mechanism of defense and offense. He has coordinated the training and disposition of all of the troops among his island commands with the assistance of U.S. Marine instructors and other allied personnel.

The colonel puts in a long day—0700 until midnight is routine. He monitors the radio net—every call, every message. Let someone say "Sampans", and the colonel jumps. He'll order a double alert and arouse his whole chain of island commands. His men say he sleeps with one eye open and one ear cocked to the radio.

Communications between the islands and naval vessels are maintained by radio. There are also several small craft attached to the island command to transport men and supplies throughout the bay area.

A boat ride over the white caps of Wonsan bay is hardly a pleasure cruise. Enemy shore batteries could open up and hold field day on the hapless craft at any moment. Fortunately,

the Reds respect the UN destroyers which are always cruising through the bay. Consequently, boat traffic moves without interruption, except to one island. This island is so close to the mainland that the enemy apparently considers it an affront for boat traffic to move in and out. As a result, trips to this spot must be made at opportune times, or with risk of enemy machine gun fire. To date, no craft have been lost nor personnel wounded while making these island jaunts.

Radio conversation is scrambled to keep the "hot scoop" from the enemy who is always eavesdropping on the net. Key subjects have code names and Marines who use the net have call signs. Sometimes this double-talk produces interesting messages. Here is a case using a code, now discarded:

A few months ago a 75-mm. recoilless rifle was supplied to the island arsenal. It was desired to keep it hush-hush until the wraps could be taken off as a surprise package. A local island commander whose call sign is "Sea-Daddy," came on the net and

TURN PAGE





WONSAN MARINES (cont.)

Under watchful eyes of SSgt. Robert Herberich, left, ROK Marines learn how to fire M-1. Despite limited training, qualifications are high

asked to have one section of a stove pipe sent him. The "Mayor", Sergeant Edward L. Payton, supply sergeant at the CP, replied, "Does it have a Roger, Charley, Love trademark?" (RCL was abbreviation for recoilless).

Sea-Daddy gave an affirmative and added that he wanted to fix his stove and cook a batch of spareribs.

A discussion followed about ammunition, under the guise of meat and spices. The Mayor asked Sea-Daddy how many cans of smoked bacon and

bottles of hot sauce he wanted. Smoked bacon meant white phosphorous—hot sauce, high explosives. Sea-Daddy then asked for a cook book. He was referring to the manual on the recoilless rifle. The Mayor replied that he not only had a cook book, but a number one cook. "Can the cook use this type of stove?" asked Sea-Daddy. "Affirmative," replied the Mayor. The cook in this instance was an ordnance sergeant sent to the islands to train Korean Marines.

After delivery of the stove and cook the next day, Sea-Daddy called to report that the cook was number one, and the stove was in good working condition. When the wraps were taken off the weapon, Sea-Daddy cooked a fine batch of spareribs by taking the enemy under fire.

Sea-Daddy, Marine Master Sergeant William Sprouse, Sr., recently completed 20 years of active service in the Corps and was transferred to the Fleet Reserve while still serving as an island commander. According to Col. Reinecke, "Sea-Daddy is a lot of man, a lot of Marine, and a solid citizen."

Life for Wonsan Marines has settled into an active seven-day-a-week routine. In the winter when seas are choppy and the islands are buried under snow, problems of communication become acute. Rough waves and high ocean swells often delay inter-island boat traffic for days. The winter weather also fouls up radio transmission. In the past, it was a struggle to keep delicate radio equipment operating efficiently. However, this problem was alleviated when Staff Sergeant Robert Wagner came to the islands. Since Wagner arrived, radio difficulties have been reduced to a minimum.

According to his MOS, he is a radio-repairman. According to Wonsan Marines, he is one of the best in the business. Bob is an ideal radio mechanic. He has plenty of patience when trying to locate a bug in one of the sets and he's been well trained for his job. He spent 26 weeks at the Navy radio school at Great Lakes, Illinois, and 20 weeks at the Marine Corps school in San Diego, California.

Wagner is a 22-year-old six foot Marine from Lincoln, Nebraska. Before joining the Marine Corps, he attended the University of Nebraska.

The value of SSgt. Wagner's ability to keep the radio net talking is easily understood. Recently a couple of sampans tried to slip into the bay from an inland river. They were spotted by Marines. This conversation followed from shore to ship: (actual code names are not used.)

"Seamstress, Seamstress, this is Able-four-eight-Charley. Have a couple of mosquitoes in the soup—over."

"Able-four-eight-Charley, hear your complaint. What part of soup bowl?"

"Seamstress, Seamstress, they are on coordinates 264758—over."

"Able-four-eight-Charley. 264758, confirm?"

"Seamstress, Seamstress, Roger—over."

"Able-four-eight-Charley, on the way, woosh—over."

Seconds later a big splash broke



Colonel Frank M. Reinecke, OinC of the overall military security of the Wonsan islands, talks with TSgt. Frank Bergman at the CP tent

the ocean about 400 yards off the forward bow of the sampan.

"Seamstress, Seamstress, move right about 500—over."

"Able-four-eight-Charley, Roger — over."

"Able-four-eight-Charley, on the way, woosh—over."

Another splash, this time about 100 yards off the stern.

"Seamstress, Seamstress, move over about 200 left and fire five rounds for effect—over."

"Able-four-eight-Charley, Roger — over."

"Able, four-eight-Charley, on the way —over."

Seconds later the shoreline erupted in a curtain of ocean spray. Through the glass could be seen water and pieces of sampan flying in all directions.

"Seamstress, Seamstress, that was fine, now about that second mosquito we mentioned . . ."



In the powder keg atmosphere of the Wonsan islands ROK Marines find it advisable to wear their sidearms even while playing ping pong

Marines have had a rough time holding on to their "Post of the Corps" in Wonsan Bay

The everyday life of the Wonsan Marines is a chain of these incidents. The target could be an enemy tank, gun emplacement, train or sampan; it's all in a day's work.

During the summer, swimming is the most popular form of recreation. The island beaches are ideal. By a stretch of the imagination, some of the native villages might be called "liberty towns". But during the hot weather, especially when the wind is right, most Marines try to avoid these "liberty ports." The natives have a custom of hanging their fish on racks to dry. After several weeks, when the fish are thoroughly dry—and ripe, the natives consider them an edible delicacy. However, during the period of drying, when the wind is ripe, everyone in Wonsan bay tries to stop breathing.

The dearth of beer is the chief complaint of the Wonsan Marines. Water and coffee are their strongest beverages. Fresh food is a rarity. The daily menu is comprised of either "C" or

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A Korean woman, with the stoicism of the Far East, washes clothes by the age-old beating method. Note, however, the modern GI bucket

WONSAN MARINES (cont.)



This section of a Marine Command Post on a Wonsan island, with pine trees and sand, is reminiscent of the Camp Lejeune tent camps

"Five-in-one" rations, sometimes supplemented with "B" rations.

At the CP, a mess hall has been set up in a tent. A native cook does an excellent job of making rations taste like a full course meal. Personnel on the other islands do not have the services of a cook. They heat their chow in a pail of hot water. Fortunately, there are enough cigarettes, toilet articles and pogy bait to go around.

Mayor Payton managed to scrounge some athletic equipment consisting of a pair of boxing gloves, two soft balls, four gloves, two bats, a football and a basketball—all donated by men serving aboard the USS *Keyes*.

In spite of the inconveniences of living in tents, eating canned rations and contending with all the other hardships incidental to their duties, the morale of the Wonsan Marines is excellent. Spirits are high and the men share a comradeship typical of Marines everywhere.

Probably the highest point in the social calendar is reached when an occasional movie comes to the island CP. A ship-to-shore movement brings projector, operator and films. Seldom have movies been so well appreciated. The natives also turn out in large numbers for the show. They get a big kick out of westerns. Although they can't understand English, they grasp the plot of a picture from the action.

When the Marines brought their first jeep to the island, the natives fled. They were afraid of it. From a safe distance they would watch as the jeep rolled from the beach to the CP. They couldn't understand how anything on

wheels could move without being harnessed to an animal. Eventually they overcame their fear. Finally, one of their boldest members reluctantly climbed into the front seat. Today, jeep riding is the number one native pastime.

But a jeep hasn't been their only introduction to the ways of the West. Wonsan Marines have used another approach—kindness. Stateside clothing provided by Americans for native children and old folks is undoubtedly the most welcome innovation.

While some Marines on the fighting front are enjoying a well-deserved rest and rehabilitation program, Wonsan Marines also have a modified form of R and R. One Marine at a time is permitted to go aboard ship for a few days of rest and fresh food whenever his services can be spared.

The terrain of the islands provided an opportunity for the Wonsan Ma-



trines to build comfortable and home-like living quarters, as well as excellent bunkers and observation posts. Everything nature offered was exploited to its greatest advantage.

Bunkers and gun emplacements formerly used by the Japanese were also found on some of the islands. The positions, long abandoned and overgrown with weeds, had basically sound foundations. Fresh-hewn timbers and a field-day soon restored these positions.

It's been a big job to establish and maintain "Posts of the Corps" in Wonsan bay. Keeping the colors waving under enemy gun sights has been a regimental task performed by a platoon. But the Navy needs a shore-fire-control-party there. And who wants to take any bets that the Marines won't stay until the show ends? **END**

ROK Marine non-com inspecting rifle is called "John Wayne" by American counterparts for his "Gung Ho" spirit



All Photos by the Author



Master Sergeant William Sprouse, Sr., a Wonsan island commander, and Corp. J. Teal scout enemy



Children on the Wonsan islands are the same as children anywhere—a soft touch for U. S. Marines

THOSE

Commandos

by TSgt. Robert W. Tallent

Leatherneck Staff Writer



When there's a war on, a Royal Marine can shoot right up to corporal in four or five years; a few outstanding men have worked up to sergeant in less than seven years



British Information Service Photo

Commando Ted Wilcock is the first off the "dory" during rocky landing practice at Plymouth Sound.

Small organizational raiding deep inside enemy real estate is the prime specialty of these cliff climbers

"**W**ERE LYING alongside the road with half the gook army trying to detour over us," the BAR man who'd been with the ambushed convoy recounted later. "I'm firing my BAR like hell to keep the Chinks off my back. They're working in closer. Just when the range gets down to about 80 yards and I'm about to check in my dog tags any second, this character in the green cap flops down beside me. I'm pushing in another clip when I notice he's one of those British Commandos; I got no time for him. I run through the clip and grab for another one. This guy in the green bonnet taps me on the leg and, with a big mush-eating grin, yells, 'Bit of a fight going on, 'eh chaps?' If those people thought that was just a bit of a fight then they're either all nuts or the toughest damn soldiers in this fouled up Korean war."

The Marines in the ambushed convoy, the Commando and BAR-man survived their encounter on the road to the notorious reservoir, they struggled through the grim days of November and December, 1950, then re-

turned to Masan. After a quick rest the Commandos shoved off from the First Marine Division and went their separate way, leaving behind a whole raft of stories like the one the BAR-man told. In time these will be woven into one of the First Division's latest war legends which could be called the founding of the Anglo-American Marine's Mutual Admiration Society. That's exactly what it was—an unusual comradeship, however, since both outfits will immodestly own up to being the world's finest soldiers.

Tossed together in the boiling crucible of the Korean war, these two Marine groups linked up and fought as though they'd spent a lifetime training and splitting rations with each other. The combat philosophy, tactics and all around "Gung Ho" attitude exhibited by the British and American Marines were practically parallel. When the shooting was over, the casualties looked after and reorganization completed, both outfits took time out to praise each other. Tokens of admiration were exchanged like messages, emblems, badges and beer.

If anything, during and after the short interval the Commandos and U.S. Marines were scrapping together, there existed a sort of awe about the way the other ally went into action. Men of the First Division pointed out that the Commandos disdain wearing helmets in combat.

When the convoy to Hagaru-ri was ambushed, a small unit of the Commandos took off on a separate expedition. From the looks of things when they stopped to take issue with a battalion or so of Chinese, they were well on their unsupported way to either the Yalu river or Peking. A spotter plane reported their position and after lengthy difficulties the Britishers returned to the embattled Marine division.

The Commandos admit that the care-free, stand up-and-charge method of fighting as utilized in many battalions in the First Division gives them a little pause, too. As Sergeant Ron Burton, veteran of eight years in the Royal Marines and currently with "C" Troop, 41st Separate Commando, said, "We don't mind fighting with you chaps,

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THOSE COMMANDOS (cont.)



British Information Service Photo

Just as soon as a Commando learns the knack of dangling over an icy stream without splashing, he gets to run over the course with a full kit

but the way you go into action makes casualties, and we have a difficult time replacing our losses. Our primary purpose is raiding and we have to spend a great deal of time training our Marines. When we lose one it means that we have to go through months of trouble to replace him."

The muscular Burton had a few things to say about wearing berets in combat instead of steel derbies. "Well I suppose casualties—in a spot where they are throwing a great deal of mortar fire about—might be cut down a bit. I think when you are in action and you see a green berry or two scurrying about it gives a good boost to the old morale."

The green "berry", as they call it, mounting the burnished globe and laurel wreath badge of the Royal Ma-

rines is the hallmark of a Commando. That "berry" and the red and blue dagger shoulder patch, are hard to earn—almost as difficult as qualifying as a paratrooper in the American forces without a nylon umbrella.

The U.S. Marine Corps approached the type of training drilled into Commandos with the course given the now defunct raider battalions in the early part of War II. It's tough, but not in the boot camp way; all of the men in Commando training have been through a prior British boot camp equivalent before they attempt the course set up at Bickleigh, England. This one is plain physically rugged.

Time is spent dangling from cliffs, crossing high above rocky streams hand over hand on a single swaying line, banking classmates off gymnasium

bulkheads with Judo and mastering the fine points of silent massacre. The school is spread out a bit, time is saved by traveling from class to class at a trot.

Speed marches keep the boys in practice. These are nine-mile strolls over Dartmoor with full kit. They don't rush exactly, in fact, going uphill the pace is just "quick march." To accomplish the nine miles, a group is allotted all of 95 minutes. If there is an odd minute or so left over the troops can take a breather, but after that comes a session of target practice.

Physical conditioning never lets up and a Commando has little chance of becoming overweight. The schools, both basic and post grad (where NCOs get a doctorate in mayhem) are at Bickleigh, but wherever Commandos are, they continue to train the entire time they are serving within the unit. Like the U.S. Marine the British Commando is frequently the victim of the finger proudly pointed by countrymen who comment indulgently "It's the training that makes them fine fighters."

It is, of course, plus the fact that it takes a certain type of man to be a good Marine coupled with field experience and discipline—self and military. Commandos lead a swashbuckler's life, there is no room for a vacillating spirit. They have to be able to take a tot of spirits or an enemy position with the same amount of gusto.

The Royal Marine becomes a Commando rather like an American Marine is tapped for sea going. In the RMC a man spends most of his hitch sea going, while in the USMC most of man's time is spent with FMF elements. When they are transferred over, both go to specialist schools. Every Royal Marine takes his turn at Commando work, but the cruise with a Commando organization is regularly about three years which comes to a quarter of a normal 12-year first enlistment. Enlistments, due to the war, have been shortened now.

Only the younger men are picked for training. After a man hits his mid-30s, the life is considered too strenuous for him. The tempestuous duty in a Commando Troop is evidently attractive; some RMs request retention when their time has been served.

Non-Coms in the Commandos have more authority and handle more work than they do in the USMC line companies. Discipline is rigid. To become a Corporal, a British Marine must specialize in one particular field and be a competent instructor. He can select demolitions, ordnance, physical instruction, cliff climbing, handling of small craft like rubber boats and canoes or any of the many fields mastered

by Commandos. Due to the urgent requirements of the service these days, a Royal Marine can shoot right up to corporal in four or five years; a few outstanding men have become sergeants in less than seven years. It used to take longer to be rated according to the old timers.

Sergeants live in a world more or less apart when they are not in the field. They have privileges in keeping with their many duties. Regimental sergeant majors pack the power and are equivalent to a USMC warrant rank. There are no privates in the Commandos or Royal Marines; they are Marines, period—a satisfactory designation.

On foreign stations, Commandos spend their liberty time following the same pursuits as American Marines. They shop for gear and souvenirs to send the folks in austerity-blanketed England or explore sights in whatever port they happen to be at the moment. Horseplay in the barracks is more exuberant than it normally is in a USMC squad bay. Favorite pastime is to sneak up behind an unwary buddy and toss him half way across the room with a Judo flip. It teaches a man to stay on his toes *all* the time besides providing high amusement for bunksies.

Following a 30-mile forced march in the 41st Separate Commando there is nothing the men like more, after a wash and quick rest, than to have a bit of a beer bust. These affairs usually climax, in what would pass in the books of Stateside MPs, as medium scale riots. They think nothing of it in the 41st.

One night in Kure, Japan, after a full day's march and ensuing party, a husky sergeant was standing by the light switch in the squad bay, waiting for his troops to bed down. The troopers were happily employing the last few minutes before lights out in tossing each other over their shoulders and experimenting with new and drastic wrestling holds. The sergeant benignly watched the circus for awhile then was moved to comment, "Spirited lot, aren't they?"

In spite of constant muscle flexing, as any U.S. Marine who has been around the Commandos for awhile will tell you, they are a neighborly lot. They are equally quick to invite a visitor for a 30-mile hike or a brew and if you like tea you're in the right outfit. On the home grounds it is served around five times a day.

The 41st Separate Commando, operating in Korea is only one of several Commandos working in the Pacific. Main strength of the Commandos is concentrated in Malaya suppressing "bandits" who ravage rubber plantations on that battered peninsula. Ac-



Part of the training is learning how to prepare explosive surprises for the enemy. Raise the latch on this door and you ride off in a dust pan

tions involve small units for the most part, fighting and ambushing each other in the steaming jungles or along the edges of the plantations.

It's a mean, sanguinary type of combat with no holds barred. According to the *Globe and Laurel*, magazine of the British Marines, when necessary, the Commandos stalk the enemy in groups of three or four, wearing Chinese clothes and carrying only a pistol beneath their jackets. In a land where the kind of terrain is especially favorable to guerrillas one would expect the attrition to run high among the green "berrys" but it's the other way around. Let's take a look at the box score representing enemy losses as published from month to month in the *Globe and Laurel*.

The Score

	Killed	Captured
Total	143	42
45 Commando	47	8
42 Commando	47	22
40 Commando	28	12
H. Q.	1	0

This was the standing in December of 1951. Troop "B" (platoon by USMC standards) of the 42nd was leading the rest of the Brigade with 20 killed and 11 captured, since then the figures have undoubtedly climbed. It is possible that the league leaders of three Commando Brigades have been challenged for first place two or three times since then in the grisly Malayan pennant race.

The men of the Commando have proved so adept at bush warfare that

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THOSE COMMANDOS (cont.)



These Commandos have just finished a nine-mile speed run over Dartmoor. They'd like a break, but

target practice comes first. Ninety-five minutes is the average time allowed for these training hikes



Underwater swimmer of 41st Separate Commando shows off his canoe and gear to visiting admiral



Hard-charging British Commandos get first lesson in mountain climbing from a classroom instructor



Commander of the British Naval Forces, Pacific, inspects honor guard of 41st Separate Commando



British method of handling a bayonet differs from U. S. Marines' version, but results are the same



A commando's training isn't complete until he has been flipped through a practical exercise. This is one of the ways.



Supply problem in Korea made it necessary for the Commandos to use machine guns. They were not used in the Pacific.

they seldom suffer two or more casualties in any action against an enemy camp or in an ambush. One of the reasons for their successes in Malaya is their stern attention to the job in hand which has earned dependable support from many of the natives. Deserters and prisoners taken have also been exploited to the fullest advantage.

The end of War II didn't see the Commandos stowing their gear in mothballs; outfits were on duty in every active trouble spot in the Pacific and Mediterranean. In the last six years hundreds of Commandos have bivouacked for long periods within earshot of angry musketry. Duty tours on foreign shores are for at least two years.

It's a thorny existence in the Commando at times, and the pay is lean, but the troopers are satisfied with it. They take a slightly jaundiced view when it comes to using American equipment or subsisting on U.S. type field rations. Scrambling ashore deep in enemy held territory, raising hob with whatever installations are lying about and making life generally difficult for the opposition are the chores of the Commando. All training is designed toward that particular end, but it doesn't prevent good foot slogging in a pinch.

On the transport leaving Hungnam, after the round-trip was completed, a battered sergeant in the Seventh Marines commented:

"Saw some Commandos in action back there on the road. They were pretty good. Too bad there weren't more of them—or us. We'd a sure had those gooks by the short hair . . ." **END**

POSTS OF THE CORPS



Santa Ana



MCAF's proximity to rugged mountain terrain makes it ideal for training 'copter pilots

ON MAY 1, 1952, a new station, near the city of Santa Ana, California, celebrated its first anniversary. This one-year old post, known as the Marine Corps Air Facility, is located seven miles north of the El Toro Air Station, and just off the inland route of U.S. Highway 101. Its proximity to the Pacific Ocean and the rugged peaks of the Cleveland National Forest makes it an ideal site for its primary mission—the training of helicopter pilots.

The Air Facility was established at the inactive Santa Ana Naval Air Station where, during World War II, the Navy maintained a fleet of blimps

to patrol the Southern California coast for enemy submarines. When the Marines took over, facilities on this 1548-acre station consisted of two large hangars, the administrative building, and a few barracks. These buildings have been renovated and future expansion programs will modernize the station.

Although the Air Facility and El Toro are only a few miles apart and both are units of Aircraft, Fleet Marine Force, Pacific, each is an independent station. While El Toro trains and maintains fighter and transport squadrons for the support of Fleet Marine Force ground units, the mission of the Air Facility is clearly defined. Its

purpose is: "To provide facilities to support regular operations of Fleet Marine Force helicopter transport and observation aircraft in direct support of ground forces."

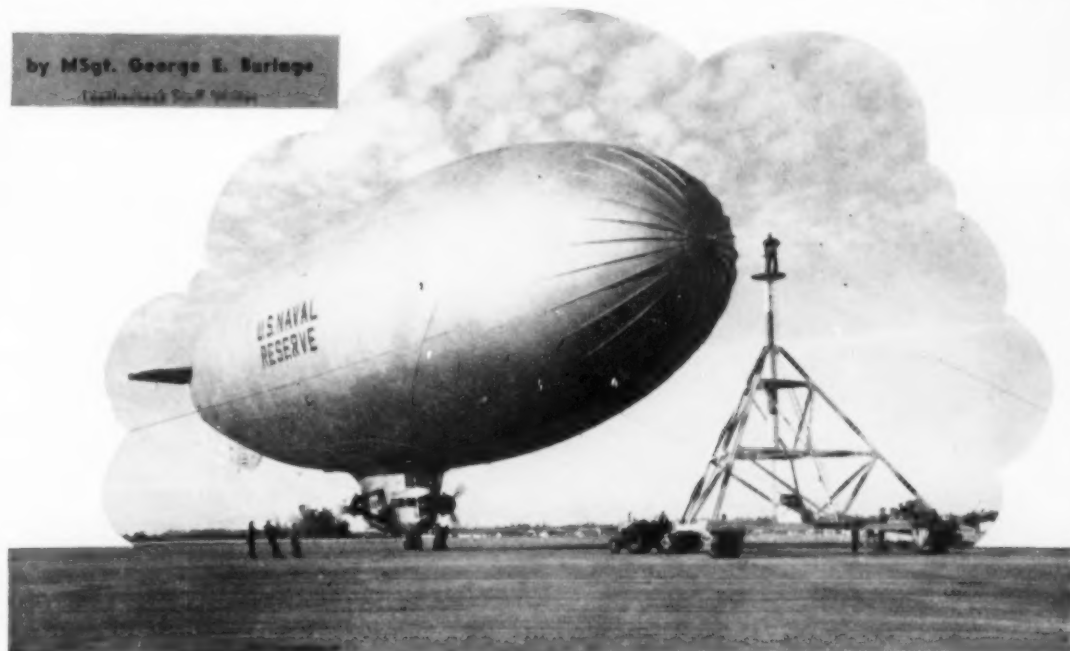
However, the Air Facility is dependent upon El Toro for its personnel; all men assigned to West Coast aviation go to El Toro first.

Two Naval Reserve units are also at the station. The Naval Reserve Training Center indoctrinates boot Reservists, and the Naval Air Reserve Training Unit trains Reservists in the maintenance and handling of blimps.

The first helicopters and pilots to arrive for training at Santa Ana were those of Marine Helicopter Transport Squadron 161, which later made history by airlifting troops and supplies in Korea. HMR-161 arrived shortly after the activation of the station and trained with the replacement drafts at Camp Pendleton before leaving for the Korean assignment. Since then, HMR-162 has been formed and the personnel are under training at Air Facility while HMR-163 has been activated and is being formed.

Prior to assignment to either of the transport squadrons at the Air Facility all pilots have been given basic helicopter training at either Quantico or Pensacola. The large Sikorsky HRS-1s which compose these squadrons are new to the pilots and this necessitates a

by MSgt. George E. Burlage



Sailors stand by to man guide lines as this Navy blimp is jockeyed into position for mooring to mast.

During World War II these blimps patrolled along Southern California coast for foreign submarines



Staff Sergeant Roger Kight, in control tower, sends instructions to pilot of floating 'copter

short indoctrination course in familiarization of the aircraft before they do any actual flying. As the training progresses they graduate into formation flying, cargo lifting with varying weight loads, rough air landings under various weight conditions and other courses in pilot-ground training.

Approximately one third of the training is devoted to rough aerial landing practice in the rugged mountains of the Cleveland National Forest. Pilots land their 'copters on peaks and in valleys where landing targets are selected which will normally accommodate one plane. After the mountain training, the men practice cross-country flying, night instrument flying, and carrier operations. Engineering, navigation, flight safety, survival and recognition are included in the training. In all ground Fleet Marine Force exercises at Camp Pendleton, the helicopter squadrons cooperate with infantry troops to train and perfect their troop and supply moving methods.

Marine Observation Squadron-2 commanded by Lieutenant Colonel William E. Abblitt, is also training at Air Facility with OY and OE observation planes and Bell helicopters.

Enlisted men in the helicopter maintenance crews qualify for the job after a comprehensive mechanical course and all must be qualified engine mechanics. One other course, that of helicopter rotor mechanic, is also conducted either as on-the-job training or in a specialized course held at the Sikorsky factory school.

Another organization, Marine Ground Control Intercept Squadron-4 under



The officers and men at Marine Corps Air Facility agree that this new station is one of the finest in

the Corps. Important morale factor is the bountiful cafeteria operated by Master Sergeant Ed Gentry

the command of Major Phillip C. DeLong, occupies an isolated part of the station. Officers and men, working with radar and communication gear, learn the operation and procedures of locating enemy planes and controlling friendly aircraft to intercept them. These officers and men join the other station units in support of Fleet Marine Force ground exercises at Camp Pendleton.

The original air station, constructed for blimps, was limited to a runway which consisted of a 2000-foot circular concrete mat in the center of the landing field. To provide a 3000-foot runway capable of accommodating conventional aircraft, an additional 1000 feet were added to the center mat. This odd airstrip proved troublesome when a traffic pattern was being worked out for the station. Taking into consideration the peculiarities of helicopters and the types of aircraft using the station, the operations officer settled for the five different patterns which are now in use. The present Station Operations Officer, Major Edward Ochoa, who is a recent arrival from VMF-214 in Korea, states that the field can now handle many of the larger planes of today.

Administrative and routine maintenance work of the station is performed by a score of officers and several hundred men of Headquarters Squadron. The small base security force maintains four posts consisting of two gate watches and two interior walking posts. Supply and disbursing sections are up to strength in personnel but at this writing Special Services has been unable to keep pace with the other base functions; station personnel have

been dependent on El Toro for movies, exchange and recreational facilities.

The officers and men at Marine Corps Air Facility agree that this new station is one of the best in the Corps. When recreational facilities — snack bars, clubs, theater, bowling alleys and game rooms—are completed, men on the station will find Santa Ana a more pleasant tour of duty. However, the Air Facility is located only a few minutes away (via Santa Ana Freeway) from Los Angeles—good liberty in any Marine's book.

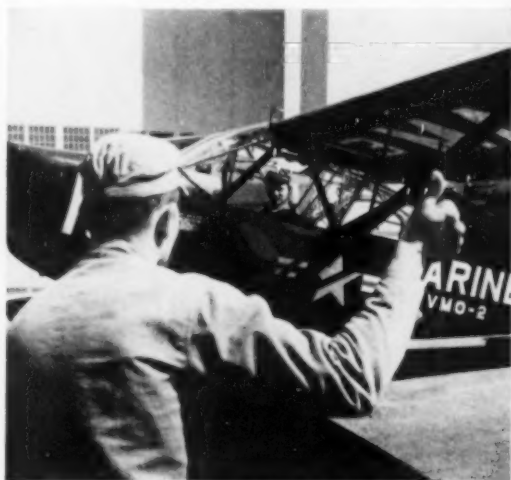
Government housing for married personnel is limited, and the majority available at the station is inferior. Some of this housing in the quonset hut area will soon be converted into barracks for station personnel and will be used for that purpose until the new barracks are completed. Civilian housing is available; rents and purchase prices are reasonable. Many service personnel like the area so well that they have bought homes in neighboring communities. Men drive to work from their homes as far south as the historic town of San Juan Capistrano and as far north as the suburban cities of Los Angeles. Others live in the Santa Ana and Costa Mesa districts, or drive the few extra miles to their homes in the beautiful coastal cities of Laguna Beach and Corona del Mar.

Santa Ana's ideal location close to the ground troops at Camp Pendleton and to nature's ready-made helicopter training sites in both mountains and ocean, promises future planning and growth as the helicopter continues to play its role in the support of the Fleet Marine Forces.

END



Photos by MSgt. J. W. Richardson
Leatherneck Staff Photographer



Pfc Joseph Manna gets the OK signal from Pfc Donald J. Hunsader before taxiing OY to runway



A check crew gets word on hydraulic set-up of a 'copter rotor head with a practical demonstration



THE DECISION



by Taylor Banks

THE COLD NEEDLES of icy rain didn't soothe his tired muscles, and the eternal wind seemed to blow right through his brain, confusing him more than ever. Who was he to decide the fate of other men, brave men, Marines? Since the landing at Inchon any attempt at orderly thought was invariably interrupted by an incoming mortar burst, another trickle of water in his hole, or the agony of trying to make six feet four of athlete fit into a sleeping bag marked "medium."

The yellow message blank, delivered hours before, was there before his eyes in the blackness. "Send three man patrol to Sado-dong at first light. Mission and other orders covered in my verbal orders. ROK police report strong enemy force in Sado-dong area. Utilize the one experimental bullet proof vest now available your platoon. You

will remain at your outpost will not, repeat, not accompany patrol." The signature, time signed and the rest, didn't interest him. All he could see was one vest, three men, one vest, three men.

He ran over the names again, but choice was limited—22 left of the 45, and 13 of them raw replacements. Jones had a bad foot, hangover from the frostbite. Runt was down with the trots. Little Ski had the guts but he was too old. It was like his luck at roulette, always red when he was on black, except that this time Pappy, Danny and Big Ski were the chips. He struggled, twisting his arm free of the sleeping bag, and reached out to touch the vest. He'd brought it into the foxhole with him, as if having it there would help him make up his mind.

He thought of Big Ski. In ordinary times he was probably a drifter, spending his share of nights in the local tanks, and only in Korea would the loyalty and courage of a guy like that show up. And he thought of night, the night he hated worse than the perpetual stink of the Korean countryside, for everything seemed to happen at night. The damned fire ambush they'd walked into on the way down from the Reservoir, the heavy machine gun fire and the mortars hitting them in the darkness, and his carbine jamming in the cold. Ski, always beside him, had bayoneted one slopehead and clubbed the other while good old American guts beat off the rest of the fanatic charge. He owed his life to Ski—and a bullet proof vest was a small thing to offer in exchange.

But what about Danny? Suddenly he was back on the pier in Dago, seeing again the last look Danny's father had given him as he had entrusted the kid to his care. There had been hope there, a desperate hope that somehow he'd bring the kid through. He sighed; somehow he found that look more binding than a promise. Danny was *that* young.

There was a shower of muddy pebbles, and the shadow over him was a little darker than the night. "You awake, Lieutenant? Thought I'd bring you a cup of joe."

"Thanks, Gunny, give me a shake to unscramble. What are you doing up, anyway?"

"Just checking the new men—You know how they get skittish in the dark. Well, guess I'll hit the sack. You picked that patrol yet?"

"Negative." The silence was heavy.

"Night, Gunny, give me a call about a half hour before first light. And thanks."

He gulped the lukewarm coffee, dropped the empty canteen cup. The sound of the metal as it hit the hard vest slanted off his mind like a bullet. Maybe the gooks would hit them tonight, and then there wouldn't be any patrol in the morning. No, no matter what hell hit them in the night he knew the first gray shafts of dawn would find him there, still saddled with the kind of decision the brass were paid to make. He might as well admit it had to be Pappy—Pappy with the bald head and the swell wife and the three kids, Pappy who could have gone back to the States after being evacuated from Koto-ri with a wound plus frozen feet. Why in hell didn't the sap go back on that four dependent deal?

The moon was still up when the Gunny woke him, bright enough to help him find the precious bottle he'd been lucky enough to scrounge from the Navy in Wonsan. Maybe the treasured gift would ease his conscience a little.

He joined the group huddled under the poncho, the vest like a lead weight in his hand. Actually, he'd always wondered how such a light thing could stop a bullet. The sergeant was using his hooded light for a pointer on the map, and the briefing was over in a matter of minutes. He drew a deep breath as he held out the vest.

"Well, Pappy, we want you—"

"That ain't for me, Lieutenant. If one of those slopeheads has my number, okay, he has my number." He glared around the circle of faces, while Danny and Ski eyed the vest as if it were a snake. Pappy caught sight of the bottle.

"Hey, what's with the booze?"

"Oh, that. I thought it might come in handy before you got back. Here, take it."

Why hadn't he realized the vest would be an insult?

"Boy, that's different. Thanks, Lieutenant, and now lemme have that vest."

There was a tense rigid silence, and the glow from the flashlight reflected the blank astonishment on each face. They watched Pappy carefully spread the vest on the ground, place the bottle on one end, and tenderly roll it into a straight, stiff bundle. Solemnly he secured the bundle to his pack, and withdrew from the shelter of the poncho. "Let's go," he said.

The Lieutenant watched the three figures slog off up the ridge in the half light. "So long!" he yelled. "Good luck!"

They turned and waved, and he could see they were laughing fit to kill.

END

Illustrated by
Sgt. Charles Beveridge

Leatherneck Art Staff

THE JAPANESE

TYPE 100 SMGs

by Roger Marsh

THE THREE VERSIONS of the Type 100 submachine guns, caliber 8-mm. "Nambu pistol", were probably the least known of the Japanese WW II hand and shoulder weapons.

The existence of these arms was not generally known until 1944-45, although it is believed that they were used in the Menado, Palembang and Koepang operations in early 1942.

With the end of the war, these submachine guns apparently were finished as service weapons, but in the early days of the Korean affair North Korean partisans and guerrillas found the folding-stock paratroop models easy to hide under their "drop's clothing".

Although it is quite possible that the available stocks of these little weapons and their components may have been expended, it is equally possible that some of them may still be in service, particularly in the hands of irregular forces operating along the 38th parallel.

It is believed that the earliest model was the solid-stock type with removable stock and bayonet mounting. It weighed about 9½ lbs. when the magazine was empty. Almost identical to the original model was the paratroop model with folding stock. This weapon also weighed about 9½ pounds and, like the original, measured 34 inches over all, but a hinged buttstock and removable barrel assembly made it possible to reduce the arm to a package, 22 inches long.

The third type was a much simplified version with a non-folding stock and without the auxiliary bar-mounting for the bayonet. The addition of a rather odd muzzle brake brought overall length to 36 inches, although the weight was reduced to just over 9 lbs. when the magazine was empty.

All three types were designed to accept bayonets, and normally the type 30 was used. However, a special short

bayonet is believed to have been available, probably for specialized paratroop use. The complicated auxiliary was later abandoned in favor of a conventional bayonet-mounting system.

Three SMGs take the Japanese 8-mm. Nambu pistol cartridge, which is about intermediate in power between a pocket-pistol cartridge and a military rifle cartridge. It is rimless, bottlenecked, has a muzzle velocity of 1000 feet per second, and a 100-grain bullet at 1065 feet per second. The barrel is 10 inches long, which means that muzzle velocity is the same for all SMG types, probably over 1100 f.p.s.

One must note that the 8-mm. Nambu cartridge is the same as the one of the very few surviving specimens of the Schmeisser general-purpose automatic pistol—the famous "cocked auto" pistol—used the cartridge which appears to be almost identical with the Nambu.

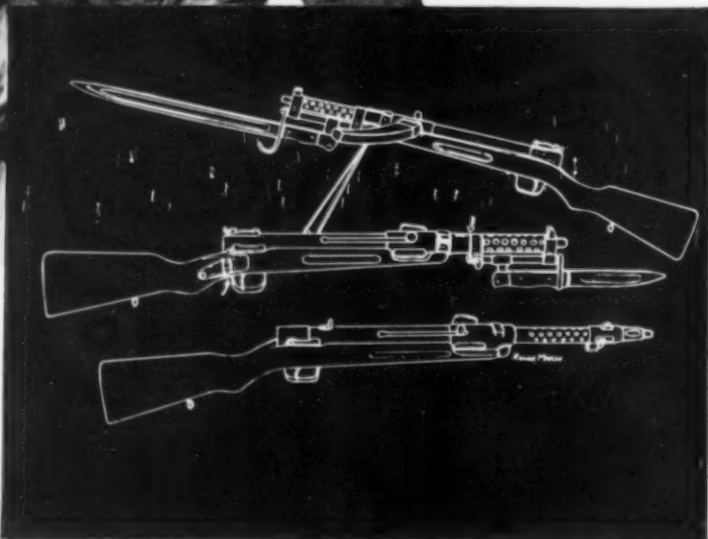
The Nambu cartridge's origin has been something of a mystery; the Schonberger is as good an explanation as any.

The Type 100s are straight-blowback arms fed from 30-round, curved box magazines, inserted in a holder mounted on the left side of the receiver. These little weapons require a better grade of case than was normally used in Japanese autopistol ammunition, with the result that interruptions of fire were frequent. Ruptured cases occasionally resulted; bulged or otherwise deformed cases were common.

The weapon has a tendency to spit gas at the ejection port, which is just above the stock on the right side.

If you can't take the gun with you, wrap it around a tree or disengage the barrel catch and remove the barrel assembly. A gun without a barrel is a dead thing, indeed!

END



THEY'LL GET AROUND

by TSgt. Robert W. Tallent

Leatherneck Staff Writer

Photos by Richard R. Sims

THEY'VE done it this time. A school to teach enlisted men how to tell officers where to head in has been reopened at Cherry Point. It's been four years since the Corps has needed a school like this; the last group of students graduated in March of 1948. The present aerial navigation course, with 12 students enrolled, opened this April only one month short of the 40th anniversary of Marine Aviation. There were plenty of applications for it but those who weren't accepted will have to wait their turn.

While some of the Corps' brinier salts might say they don't need to go to school for this kind of work and more than a few Marines would be loathe to even class this duty as work, the Marine Corps thinks differently. They've allotted 16 weeks for proper study of the subject and are spending around \$10,000 per man to make certain that students will be well grounded in technique and application.

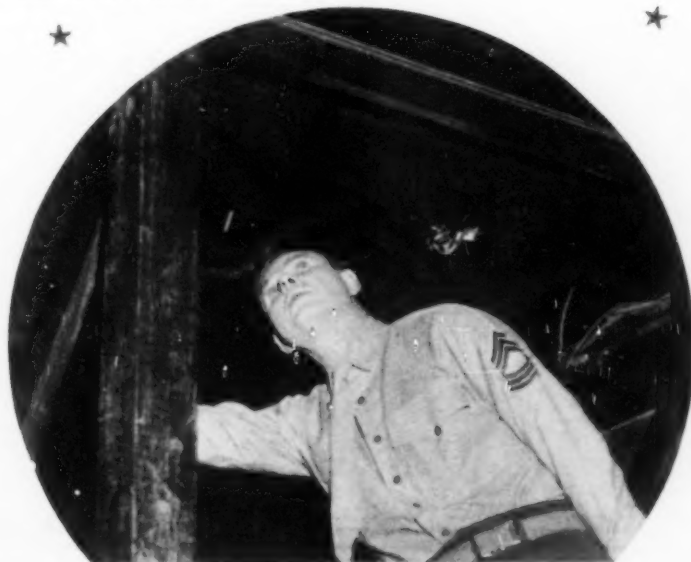
That's only one small reason why, when the word got out, there were so many volunteers for the course. Chief reason for the flock of requests was the fact that just about everybody in the Marine Corps would like to become a swashbuckling aerial navigator. They draw extra pay, wear special insignias over the left breast pocket of their blouses, trot around the world like Gulliver in his seven league field shoes, and tell pilots where they are and where to go.

From a ground-eye view of the life of an aerial navigator, it might seem that these lucky cloud hoppers "have it made in the shade" (FMF term meaning to be well off indeed).

A man may be lucky enough to pass the basic requirements for entrance to aerial navigation school, but if he thinks all he has to do is sit out the 16 weeks of instruction then pin on his

TURN PAGE

This trainer, being inspected by MSgt. NeSmith, shows Northern constellations



Enlisted men become skyway guides when they graduate from aerial navigation school

THEY'LL GET AROUND (cont.)

wings and junk his textbooks, he's off his course. The first statement veteran navigator, Master Sergeant George A. NeSmith, makes to his students right after they sit down for the opening day of instruction is: "A man is just starting his studies when he completes this school."

The 16-week course itself doesn't allow much time for gazing vacantly out of an astro-dome, the navigator's equivalent of a classroom window. A look at the syllabus for the class reveals that in the seventh week the study is given over to weather. This week a student is asked to whip the few principles of: weather observation, humidity and temperature, clouds, pressure and general circulation, winds, air masses, warm and cold fronts, weather map analysis, fog, icing and thunderstorms. This is a sort of "breather" week. Previous to that the class will have studied vectors and plotting, and worked on dead reckoning problems involving maps, charts and instruments. Following the weather week the course gets even more complex.

Even the entrance requirements for the seminary are fairly stiff. A Marine must have a GCT of at least 115, be a high school graduate, pass a flight physical, an intensive screening, then go on

a familiarization flight. Primarily the school is set up for aviation personnel. It is possible for ground people to apply for the course however. Preference is given to younger men possessing a sound background in mathematics, extending through geometry, and those who have a definite interest in flying, astronomy and electronics.

The reason that instructors who run the school want everybody to go on at least one flight before starting school stems from an experience they had recently. A student went through the entire training and had excellent grades. He whizzed through his dead reckoning problems and had theory licked. Came the time for him to use his knowledge on an initial training flight at the end of the course. He suited up and climbed aboard the plane with his instruments. Minutes later the plane winged off the runway.

The first man out of the plane on its return was the embryo navigator with a complexion almost matching the soft shade of his forestry greens. He sort of obliqued up to where instructor NeSmith was standing and gulped. "So that's flying huh? You can keep it. I quit!"

Not everybody is physically equipped to become a navigator and now the school executives want to find out about it ahead of time.

For those who get through the train-

ing and become experts at finding their way around the world it's a pretty good life. Most of today's navigator's who ride the big R4Ds across the globe will tell you that there aren't many jobs they'd trade for the one they have.

"The job is tops for a guy who likes to travel," was the answer Lieutenant James D. Petty gave to a Marine when he was asked what he thought about navigation as a career. Lt. Petty is in a position to put out straight dope. Prior to being commissioned a few months ago, he'd spent six years in the field and traveled over Central America, Guam, Hawaii, Newfoundland, Labrador and Panama. He was regarded as one of the most competent men on the job. The husky officer has done duty both with the walking part of the Marine Corps and the wind branch. When he came into the service in 1936 he spent time sea going, hit China and the Philippines, then served with ground defense units during the last war in a couple of the Pacific hot spots. He started out in aviation to become a glider pilot, but when that arm was abolished he had to look for another job.

"At the time I was pretty sore about not getting to fly gliders as I had volunteered to do, but looking back I realize that in becoming a navigator later I made a fair choice."

"There are times when it seems like

MSgt. George A. NeSmith charts a serial navigation course for beginners



the main duty of a navigator aboard a plane is to take the blame when something goes wrong, but you can't have everything."

Good navigators are made, not hatched, according to Lt. Petty and once out of school a fledgling pathfinder is just starting to learn what it's all about. The old hands at the job say it takes between 400 and 500 flying hours, (about one year's time) to become proficient. Pilots are understandably reluctant to haul green navigators on long ocean crossings. But even the best men can get lost. "The trick in being a good navigator," says NeSmith, "is not to stay in that condition."

NeSmith, who doubles as the school's head prof and First Sergeant of the Synthetic Training Section, has logged quite a few hours over foreign waters and territory. During 1947 the blond, rapid-fire talking sergeant drew an eight month's assignment in South Africa. After that he had the rare pleasure of being forced down almost in the middle of France, a distinction not many Marines can claim. The pilot of the four-engined ship lowered the craft onto a plowed field without damage. Before the Marine crew could take off again they had time to visit a very hospitable village nearby and pick up a few souvenirs—a pleasant accident the way NeSmith describes it.

Like Lt. Petty, NeSmith has been shooting fixes for quite a few years and he too is inclined to get enthusiastic when talking about navigation as a career. Although his duties and family at Cherry Point keep him grounded much of the time, he still signs on for over-water hops down to the Caribbean to keep his hand in whenever he gets a chance.

The crackerjack navigator soon finds himself with more travel offers than he can accept most of the time. Another item that makes a navigator popular is his degree of sociability and willingness to bear a hand working the plane at stopovers. In the Corps the navigator is just part of the hired help and must turn to, helping to gas the plane and load and unload the ship if necessary, in addition to bringing his charts up to date and caring for all the navigation gear. The Marine Corps policy is slightly at variance with the Air Force in this respect. Air Force navigators are commissioned officers.

Before the year is out two dozen skyway guides will probably be graduated from Building 47 at Cherry Point, a low slung structure that resembles a squashed down grain elevator. They'll spend hours over the charts, plotting courses using the electronic computers and celestial training machinery. On paper they'll probably travel a quarter of a million miles and



Students call this gadget crawling across the chart table a "crab." It plots over-water flight problems for Cherry Point's fledgling navigators



Senior Instructor NeSmith shows Corp. George Morrison the course he'll take on Caribbean training hops in the last weeks of the school

if they get a few hundred miles off course at first and pinpoint their position over Tiajuana instead of LaGuardia Field, it won't matter. Assistant instructor, Private First Class Robert L. Thompson, ex-civilian navigation teacher will square them away. Wherever in the world the students lose themselves in the opening months of the course the mess hall will not be more than a couple of blocks away.

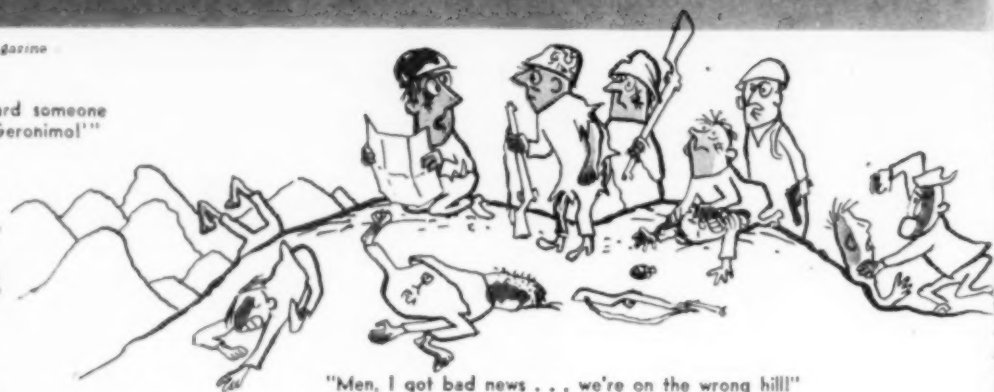
After the 14th month of instruction when devices like the LORAN trainer, sextants and compasses become as familiar to the trainees as pay call, they'll go on actual practice and check flights. Most of these will be over-water runs to the Caribbean. A minimum of 60 hours is allotted to the students in

this phase of the training which coincides with a final exam in a civilian college course. After graduation the navigators will be parceled out to squadrons operating both in the United States and overseas. At the present time, circumstances indicate that most of the men will draw overseas assignments.

While no navigator has been reported to have retired independently wealthy on flight pay, it amounts to about \$37 a month for corporals and up to \$75 for master sergeants. The extra stipend is not unwelcome and the gold badge over the pocket has never been a social drawback with the ladies. It's an elite organization and its members really get around!

END

"I just heard someone
scream 'Geronimo!'"



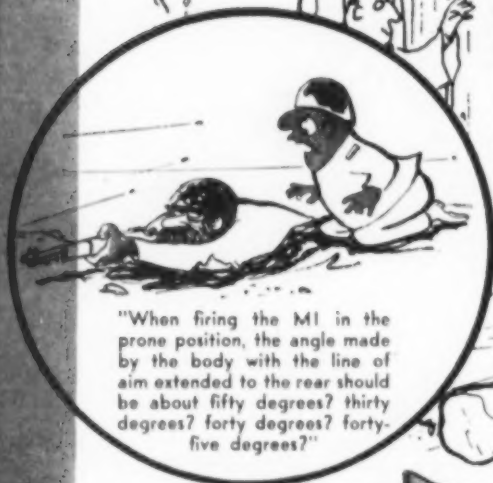
"Men, I got bad news . . . we're on the wrong hill!"

stay loose

BY BOOTH



"Stop when I give the signal—
the sergeant gets all shook
if you mash the goodie"



"When firing the M1 in the
prone position, the angle made
by the body with the line of
aim extended to the rear should
be about fifty degrees? thirty
degrees? forty degrees? forty-
five degrees?"



"Oh, George—I meant to write. . ."

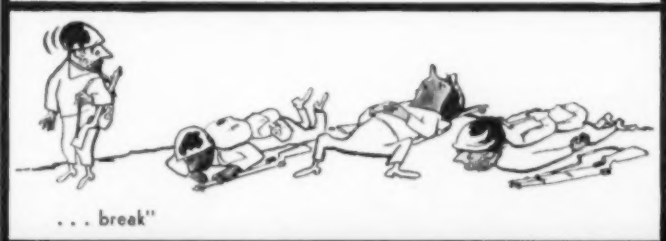




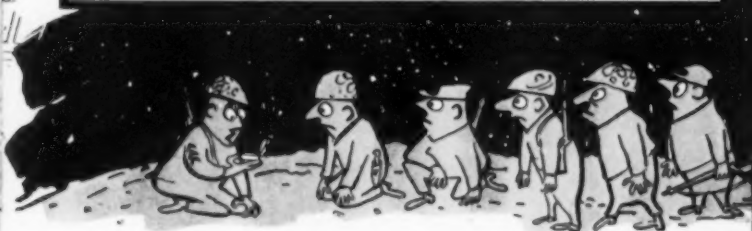
"He says we're to seize and occupy the key terrain features to our front, Sir"



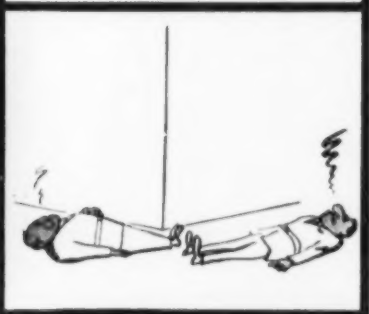
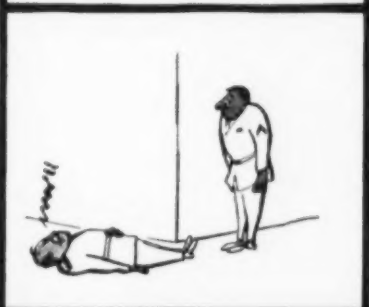
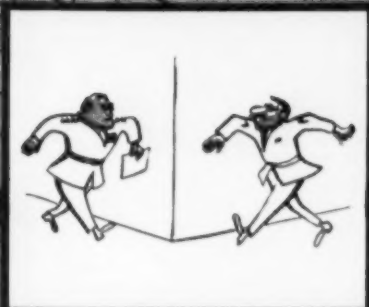
"All right, men, take a



... break"



"Three degrees?—I thought each click meant one degree"



Leathorneck Magazine





LA

Photos by
MSgt. J. W. Richardson
Leatherneck Staff Photographer

by SSgt. John P. McConnell

Leatherneck Staff Writer

LBERTY HOUNDS from San Diego to Bremerton will tell you that there's more to do in Los Angeles, regardless of your financial status, than in half a dozen other American cities combined.

On the streets of this fabulous city you'll see moochers, movie stars, mobsters and the usual number of prosaic normal human beings. One of the rarest species, however, is a native-born resident; it seems as though half of the restless population of the United States took a trip to L. A. and threw away the other half of the round-trip ticket when they got there.

Women are pretty and plentiful, although many of them don't correspond to a translation of the city's name. Any Marine should be able to find feminine company in L. A.; there are so many girls there that even sailors can get dates!

When you arrive in L. A. you won't have to waste any time on a search for lodging. There are plenty of good hotels and many of them have reduced rates for servicemen. Some of them provide an excellent room for \$1.50 a day. It's still a good idea to make your reservations in advance because the city plays host to many conventions and these put a strain on accommodations.

One of your best bets will be the

various USO locations. There are five in and around L. A. They are the Area Headquarters, 417 S. Hill Street; the Catholic Servicemen's Lounge, 807 Flower Street; Hollywood Center, 1710 N. Ivar Street, and the Red Shield Serviceman's Center, 428 S. Hill Street. In addition there is the Victory Service Club, 226 S. Main Street, which offers free lodging, showers, shaves, shines, pressing and other privileges.

At these clubs you can relax and

have a fine time. There are usually dances every night and there are plenty of pretty young hostesses to go around. Many Marines, with pre-payday thin wallets, find these clubs very convenient.

At the USO clubs, servicemen can usually get free tickets to current shows and entertainments. They are given out on a "first come, first served" basis so it would be well to check on this as soon as you get into town. Incidentally,

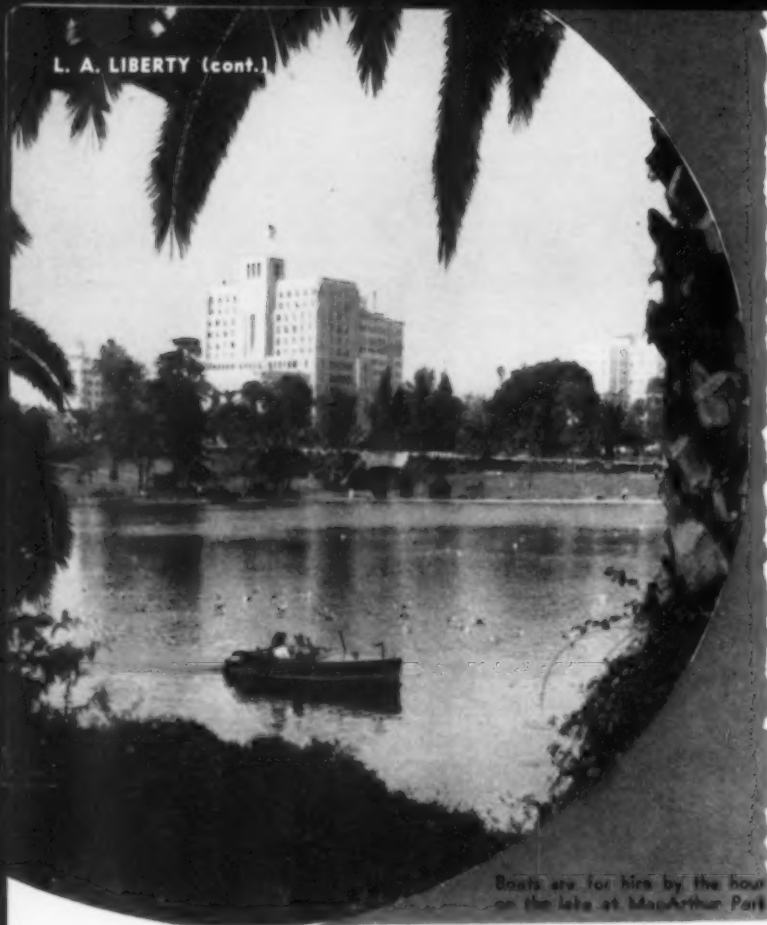
TURN PAGE



Making a date with an attractive L. A. bank clerk was easy for this Marine who was from same home town. Small talk led to big date

Liberty

L. A. LIBERTY (cont.)



Boats are for hire by the hour on the lake at MacArthur Park.

federal tax on this type of pass has been knocked off so it won't cost you a penny.

If it's your first trip to L. A. you might sign up for a sightseeing tour. A three-hour bus tour will cost you about \$3.50 and you will be able to write home about the sights of the city in which mothers are always interested. One of these runs takes you through the residential section of Hollywood, Wilshire Boulevard, picturesque Mulholland Skyline Drive, homes of stars, Longridge Estates in San Fernando Valley, a movie studio and the famed Hollywood Bowl. After you go through this routine you'll find the various pubs waiting for you.

One of the ingredients for a good time in Los Angeles (or anywhere else) is your date. Plan the maneuver so that you don't waste your liberty standing on a corner just watching the fairer sex. Some Marines play it smart and make it a point to go to L. A. with someone who knows the city and already has a few phone numbers lined up.

If you're on the town alone, go to a dance. Look around, sight in on an attractive target and work your line from there. Remember that most of the girls in L. A. are from other states and, as a Marine, you have probably served in or visited a number of these; conversation on her home state should be fairly easy. The Marine pictured in this story cashed a check in an L. A. bank and the pretty girl behind the window was from his home town. The date was a natural.



A tandem proved to be an ideal vehicle to explore Griffith Park, the world's largest city playground



The corporal and his date sighted in on the stars through the telescope at Griffith Park Observatory

Let's assume that you were lucky at the dance. Take your date to see the cultural sites during the daytime and save the entertainment places for evening. If the weather is appropriate you can do some swimming at one of the many beaches or pools. If you don't have a bathing suit you can rent one at the bath house.

If you like, rent a motor boat and go skimming around the lake at giant MacArthur Park. Bring along some peanuts because the park has a large population of mendicant pigeons. It is also an ideal location for bicycling for two. Tandems, "bicycles built for two," can be rented here.

There are a number of old and colorful Spanish missions which you may want to visit. They were built by Father Junipero Serra when Mexico and California were under the control of Spain.

Olivera Street is also a bit of Mexico transplanted. Here are night clubs, fortune tellers, taco stands, strolling troubadours and senoritas in colorful native costumes. With a bit of haggling you can buy quaint souvenirs at reasonable prices to send to the folks at home.

Less than a block from Olivera Street is China City. You will undoubtedly go into a Chinese restaurant, order an oriental meal and try to eat it with

TURN PAGE



Marines find dates and entertainment plentiful in Los Angeles, "City of the Angels"



Guard checks passes of girl and escort at studio gate. Few visitors are allowed on Hollywood sets



Actress Arlene Dahl and Marine chat at Brown Derby. Many stars eat at drug stores in daytime

L. A. LIBERTY (cont.)



A girl needs a supporting arm when she rides the "whip" at Ocean Park



Famous names decorate walls of Earl Carroll's restaurant



Marine and his date enjoy dinner at the Park Wilshire. Vocalist is with Johnny White Trio. PW is popular rendezvous of movie stars



Olvera Street troubadours strum native Mexican melodies



Corporal and girl went to Hollywood CBS studios and were chosen to appear on quiz program with master of ceremonies Art Linkletter

chop sticks. Here, too, are to be found numerous souvenir shops as well as a dimly-lit, perfumed Chinese temple.

You will want to see some movie stars when you're in town. Only a few of the studios allow visitors, but a tour conducted by the USO will take you in. You may find some of the stars at the numerous eating places near the studios. Don't be deceived by dark glasses, some of the phoney in Hollywood wear them and most of the stars don't. The stars are nice people and will gladly return your greeting or sign your autograph book but don't try to push yourself on them; they are experts in the defense. Be a gentleman and you'll get along.

Sunset Strip, between Hollywood and Beverly Hills, is where you'll see your movie favorites at play. Most of the top-flight (and top-priced) night clubs are here, as well as many exclusive shops. A smart move would be to drop in and have a coke at Schwab's pharmacy, one of the most famous drug-stores in the world, where rumor would have you believe that there's always at least one star at the counter.

The Palladium, located in the midst of Hollywood's "radio row," boasts one of the largest dance floors in the world—12,000 square feet. Around the dance floor are numerous cocktail lounges, soft-drink bars, and dining rooms. Name bands play nightly and the admission price is reasonable.

We have listed a few of the many opportunities offered by a liberty in Los Angeles. Only a book could describe everything worth visiting in the City of the Angels and nearby communities. It's a cinch you won't catch all of it in one weekend—don't try. Instead, plan your time wisely and you'll have a fine L. A. liberty to remember. **END**



An afternoon at "muscle" beach ends a packed liberty. Future date is certain

dateline... *Korea*



THE WEARER OF
THIS HELMET STILL
"LIVES"
- WEAR YOURS -

MIG Misery

CAPTAIN Vincent J. Marzela, the second Marine flier to knock down an enemy MIG-15 in aerial combat, has returned to the States after piling up 142 combat missions in Korea.

Marzela flew 103 of these missions with a Marine Panther jet squadron; then he went to work for the Air Force as an exchange officer. He swapped the cockpit of an F9F Panther jet for that of an F-86 Sabre jet.

Shortly before returning to the States, Marzela made his kill. He was flying as leader of an eight plane section of F-86s covering a flight of F-80s when 22 MIG-15s were spotted at 40,000 feet, starting a dive on the F-80s.

"I turned my flight in order to meet the MIGs head on," explained the Marine. "As their leader came into range I fired a short, quick burst that caught him dead center. His plane went out of control. I had just enough time to see him bail out before the fight got hot and heavy." The fight was an escalator battle that ranged from 30,000 feet to tree-top level.

"It didn't last long," explained the captain. "Guess they got their fill of the fight because all of a sudden they dove across the Yalu River."

In other fights as an F-86 pilot, Marzela damaged two more MIGs.

Tsgt. Paul Shaner
PIO, First Marine Air Wing

Plank Owners

THE old Navy custom of "Plank Owners" was revived recently when Marine Photographic Squadron One was commissioned in Korea.

After the formal commissioning, each member of the squadron marched up to his commanding officer, Lieutenant Colonel A. D. Gould, saluted, and received a small wooden plank. The planks were engraved "Marine Photographic Squadron One" and numbered. The commanding officer got plank number one.

Col. Gould, an Annapolis graduate, revived the old Navy custom that dates back to the days when Navy ships were made of wood. In those days, when a new ship was commissioned, each member of the original crew received ownership of one of the hull planks. When steel hulls replaced wood, crew members received a token plank, a small piece of wood.

When the authority to elevate the Marine Air Group-33 photo unit to a squadron was received from the Chief of Naval Operations, Col. Gould remembered this old custom and made it part of the unit's commissioning.

Marine photographic squadrons were disbanded in 1949 when budget limitations necessitated a drastic cut in Marine aviation. The squadrons were broken up into photo units and attached to various headquarters squadrons. The MAG-33 unit was one of the first Marine aviation elements to join the Korean fighting.

PIO, ComNavF

Super Salesman

ONE of the best kept secrets of the Korean war is how a Marine fighter pilot flew 75 combat missions in Korea while his mother thought he was selling life insurance in Jacksonville, Fla.

First Lieutenant Joseph R. Schiavo of Rockford, Ill., carried out this masquerade for a year and it was not until he had been assigned staff duty in a rear area that the news was revealed to his mother.

It all started in March, 1951, when the lieutenant was recalled to active duty with the Marine Corps Reserve. His mother had been in ill health and Schiavo didn't want to worry her. He decided then that it would be better if she thought he was still in Jacksonville with his wife and children.

He laid his plans carefully.

During his training on the East coast and his flying duties in Korea, he disguised his true actions by writing her letters telling of the activities around Jacksonville. He'd send the letters to his wife in Jacksonville, who in turn mailed them in envelopes that the

lieutenant had thoughtfully addressed while he was back home.

His secret was shared by other Rockford Marines who went along with him in keeping news of his Korean exploits from reaching the home town.

When transferred to the rear area, Lieut. Schiavo wrote his parents, telling them of the hoax.

Flying as a "Deathrattler" pilot, Schiavo had knocked out two enemy command posts during one flight. The lieutenant slid one of his napalm bombs into a command post and destroyed it. After doing a little strafing, his wingman informed him that one of his napalms had not released. Schiavo got permission to return to the target area alone. With the remaining fire bomb he knocked out a second command post. Back at his base Schiavo discovered bullet holes in his plane.

On another mission Schiavo flew cover for a fighter pilot whose plane had been shot down. After the pilot had bailed out, enemy troops tried to reach the downed flier but Schiavo drove them away with low-level strafing and bombing attacks. When another plane was hit, Schiavo led the

pilot through a wall of flak to safety.

It would be hard to find any company which would underwrite the type of insurance that "Life Insurance Salesman" Schiavo was selling to the Communists.

PIO, ComNavF

Voice In The Night

CAPTAIN John F. Sorenson had insisted upon poking his head into the quarters of the men of the First Marine Air Wing's public information section each morning. In the dawn, his bull moose tones routed the sleepy combat correspondents out of their sacks.

When the captain received orders returning him to the States, the men breathed freely. Perhaps the next officer wouldn't be so enthusiastic over pre daylight risings.

They were disappointed.

The sun was not yet up on the morning following the captain's departure, when the same booming voice came rolling through the area. Puzzled men came crawling out of their sleeping bags, looking about.

Before boarding the homeward bound

TURN PAGE



Photo by SSgt. Charles B. Taler

Captain Vincent J. Marzela, second Marine flier to knock down an enemy MIG-15. He made 103 of his 142 missions in a Panther jet

DATELINE KOREA (cont.)

plane, Capt. Sorenson had thoughtfully made a tape recording of his early morning harangue and left orders that it be played by a member of the radio-recording unit each day at dawn.

1st Lt. Jack Lewis
PIO, First Marine Air Wing

Stars and Bars

AS the young Swedish Red Cross officer walked around the air base in Korea, Marines stopped working suddenly, froze to attention, and threw him a snappy salute.

Somehow this didn't seem to be the usual salute accorded his rank, thought Captain Eric Reinhold-Asp, Chief of Supplies for the Swedish Red Cross. They were paying him too much attention.

He took the matter up with his host, Captain Carl Haroldson, a Marine pilot.

"It's those stars," explained the Marine. "The two stars of a Swedish captain denote a major general in the U.S. Armed Forces."

PIO, First Marine Air Wing

Rotation Reveille

IT'S always a big occasion when a veteran Marine gets "rotated" to the States after his tour of duty in Korea.

Rotatees take no chances about waking up that fateful morning when they must arise early to make the long jeep ride to the port of embarkation.

One Reserve Marine was heard recently explaining his system for making sure he didn't miss the homeward bound convoy:

"I got two alarm clocks. One is set for two a.m. and the other for two-fifteen a.m. Then I've arranged with the operator on the switchboard to ring my phone at two-thirty."

"And besides," the man added, "I don't plan to go to bed tonight anyway."

1st Lt. Bob Gray
PIO, 1st Marine Division

Money Question

MARINE Major Reuben M. Munson, on duty in Tokyo, received a letter which read:

"Enclosed is some money which is to repay you for the theft of an article from your room 14 years ago during our school days at Waldorf college in Forest City, Iowa. It wasn't much but I feel that I must confess it and pay it back."

Attached to the unsigned confession was a five-dollar bill.



USMC Photo

Swedish Red Cross captains wear stars instead of bars. Capt. Eric Reinhold-Asp received unusually snappy salutes from U.S. Marines

Major Munson can't remember anything having been stolen from him while at Waldorf college.

Pacific Stars and Stripes

Lucky Lutke

THE Marines' front line saying that one never gets a second chance doesn't hold water as far as Sergeant George Lutke and his squad are concerned.

San Francisco-born Lutke sat in the sun on the ridgeline with his men during a precious lull in the front lines activity, talking about nothing in particular—if women can be classified as nothing in particular.

Suddenly the conversation stopped. The ominous "whoosh" of an incoming mortar sliced the air and sent the men scurrying for their foxholes. It hit with a dull thud. Sgt. Lutke exclaimed with a weak sigh, "A dud." Quickly he went on, "You know we'd never have made it," and his buddy nodded, gulping with every breath.

In their foxhole they resumed their conversation on nothing in particular.

PIO, HQMC
Washington, D.C.

Picture Story

THE South Korean Marine Sergeant HAD to have his picture taken—in action.

Noticing a U.S. Marine photographer prowling around for good shots, he began dropping shell after shell down the mortar tube, apparently sending a terrific barrage into enemy positions.

The photographer jockeyed himself into position.

Then, over the field telephone came a stream of oriental invectives. It was from a South Korean patrol out in "no man's land."

The mortars were hitting right in their midst!

Excitedly, the mortar sergeant grabbed the phone and told the patrol to clear out. After all, he was having his picture taken.

Then he resumed firing, until the shutter snapped on a dramatic action photograph.

Half an hour later, a badly shaken Korean patrol pulled onto the ridge. The outraged leader had the mortar sergeant put under immediate arrest.

PIO, HQMC
Washington, D.C.

Fourth Estate

THE Seventh Marines pride themselves on being the best informed troops in the world. They will tell anyone so, and the under-line below the masthead of their newspaper, *The Daily Ridge-runner Review*, backs them up.

Their paper, a two-page mimeographed sheet, was started on August 10, 1951, under Colonel Herman Nickerson, Jr., then CO. It hasn't missed a day of publication since.

When their chief competitor, a 16-page service newspaper printed in Pusan, arrives at the front usually two or three days after publication, Marines of the Seventh remark, "we read that a couple of days ago in the Ridge-runner."

PIO, HQMC
Washington, D.C.

Two For Teeth

STAFF Sergeant A. G. Araque was deeply concerned when a corpsman called him to help with an evacuation.

With artillery and mortar shells blasting the area surrounding his bunker, Araque yelled back into the telephone, "It's rough as hell here, but we can do it. What happened to him?"

Straining to hear above the deafening barrage, Araque could scarcely believe the answer—"He swallowed his false teeth!"

PIO, HQMC
Washington, D.C.

Noisy Mailman

A MARINE fighter pilot had been recently assigned to the First Marine Division as a forward air controller. A fellow officer was filling him in on the life of an infantryman as the two trudged up a hill near the division front.

"Anything exciting happen around here?" asked the pilot.

"Incoming and outgoing mail keeps us awake at night. That's about all in the last few days," answered the infantry lieutenant.

"What do you mean?" asked the pilot.

Before his friend could answer, there was a giant explosion nearby. Both dove immediately into a nearby shell hole. More explosions crept closer. When it was over the two Marines looked up. They were splattered with mud from head to toe.

"That," said the lieutenant, "is incoming mail!"

PIO, ComNavFe

From Bunk To Junk

WHEN a round of artillery plowed into the hillside near a Marine motor transport group in Korea, Corporal Charles Barrett hopped out of his bunk and dived for a bunker just behind the tent.

He skidded to a stop at the spot where the bunker should have been. All Barrett found was a mess of rubble. The incoming shell had reached the bunker before he did.

PIO, HQMC
Washington, D.C.

Aeronautic Assist

COMMUNIST artillery fire gave a "jet assist" to the helicopter carrying Colonel T. A. Culhane, Jr., CO of the Fifth Marines, as he was leaving the front lines after an inspection.

The colonel's craft had risen a scant 10 feet over the handkerchief-sized landing strip when an artillery round zoom-

TURN PAGE



UP Photo
Somewhere near the Korean front First Marine Division instructors use dummy controls in teaching ROK Marines basic tank operations



Official US Navy Photo
Secretary of the Navy Dan A. Kimball is assisted with his "Mae West" by MSgt. G. Buss. Secretary toured combat area in Korea

DATELINE KOREA (cont.)

ed in and exploded under the helicopter. Fragments from the shell-burst missed the machine but the blast bounced the 'copter into the air—well out of range of the next two rounds that followed immediately.

PIO, HQMC
Washington, D.C.

Marine Memorial Orphanage

WHILE Marine jet fighters roared overhead on their death missions, a small group of First Marine Air Wing men dedicated a work of mercy.

They were officially opening the U.S. Marine Memorial Orphanage at Pohang, Korea for the unfortunate young victims of the Korean war.

Wing personnel contributed more than \$3500 to build the shelter and buy the land.

Citizens of Pohang and men of the nearby Marine Air Base attended the formal presentation ceremonies. Colonel Arthur F. Binney, air group commander, told the audience, "Marines, though fighting men, are not cruel men. We all have our own families and loved ones at home in the States. Here in Korea we are particularly affected by the plight of little children, homeless and without parents through no fault of their own."

Col. Binney told the Koreans that they should plan a system whereby the orphanage would be self supporting after the Marines leave Korea. "The future of Korea definitely depends on the care of those who are now little children," he said.

TSgt. Paul Shaner
PIO, 1st Marine Air Wing
END

Communist aim with ack-ack caused 2nd Lieutenant Eugene Brady plenty of worry. Flak ripped plane's tip tank

USMC Photo



A Marine brings two homeless children to the gate of the Marine Memorial Orphanage in Pohang. FMAW men gave \$3500 for project



BULLETIN BOARD

Insurance Beneficiaries

A volume of correspondence is being received at Headquarters Marine Corps from the Veterans' Administration, wives, mothers, etc., concerning beneficiary designations on United States Government and National Service Life Insurance, indicating that many Marines assume that the signing of an emergency data Form DD 93 to designate a person to receive the six month's death gratuity also includes the change of beneficiary for the purpose of United States Government Life Insurance and United States National Service Life Insurance. It therefore appears advisable that when a Marine executes Form DD 93 naming a recently acquired spouse, he be advised to sign a statement that he does or does not desire to change the designated beneficiary on his Service Insurance policy or policies.

Further details on this subject may be found in Marine Corps Bulletin No. 8-52.

Insurance Dividends

Public Law 36, 82nd Congress, amends section 602 (f) as amended, of the National Service Life Insurance Act of 1940 by adding the following: "That until and unless the Veterans' Administration has received from the insured a request in writing for payment in cash, any dividend accumulations and unpaid dividends shall be applied in payment of premiums becoming due on insurance subsequent to the date the dividend is payable after January 1, 1952."

The VA has announced plans for payment of annual dividends on National Service Life Insurance policies, the first of which will become payable on the anniversary date of such policies in 1952.

It is the responsibility of the Marine to inform the VA if he desires to receive the dividend and to furnish his current address. In this connection, the VA has prescribed that certain data is necessary in order that dividend payments be made to personnel on active duty. These data requirements are listed in Marine Corps Bulletin No. 8-52.

Combat Duty Requests

The Commandant of the Marine Corps is extremely pleased with the large number of requests from enlisted personnel for assignment in the combat area. Every effort is being made to approve such requests, subject to the overall needs of the Marine Corps. In order to curtail the correspondence involved in processing these requests, all commands receiving quota directives from this Headquarters for assignment of personnel to replacement drafts are requested to give preference in filling these quotas to personnel volunteering for combat duty. Requests from personnel not covered by quota directives should continue to be forwarded to Headquarters Marine Corps for decision.



Retaking of GED Tests

Headquarters, Marine Corps, has noted that many Marines who have failed part or parts of the General Educational Development test are retaking the entire battery and in many instances, failing parts that they were originally successful in completing. Education Officers, after having insured that basic requirements for a retest have been met, should request from USAFI only those parts of the GED test that did not meet the necessary requirements.

Promotion Prospects

Promotion allocations during May and June will be in the following numbers: Master Sergeant, 1800; Technical Sergeant, 4200; Staff Sergeant, 11,500; Sergeant, 12,600 and Corporal, 21,700.

Essay Contest

The Naval Institute is conducting its annual Enlisted Prize Essay Contest. Winners will be eligible for cash prizes ranging from \$300 to \$700, a gold medal and a life membership in the Institute.

Any subject pertaining to the naval profession, not exceeding 8000 words, will be considered. A copy of contest rules may be obtained by writing to Captain Bruce McCandless, USN, Secretary-Treasurer, U.S. Naval Institute, Annapolis, Md.

Private Weapons

Since adequate firearms are issued to all Marine Corps personnel in need of them, reimbursement for loss of privately-owned pistols, revolvers and holsters will not be made under Navy Personnel Claims regulations.

The foregoing does not apply to target pistols. However, when a claim for reimbursement is submitted for a weapon declared to be a target pistol, it must be accompanied by an affidavit from the Marine's commanding officer certifying that the pistol was for such purpose.

Other information regarding this subject may be found in Appendix A, Vol. I, Marine Corps Manual.

Review Courses

Marine Corps Bulletin No. 5-52 lists MCI courses and USAFI self-teaching courses applicable to review for the preliminary examination for assignment to the Naval School, Academy and College Preparatory. This examination is given on the third Wednesday in July of each year.

Game Laws

Marine Corps General Order No. 48 directs that commanding officers of military installations be informed of the prudence of abiding by federal and state regulations designed to conserve fish and wildlife.

Hunting and fishing at each Marine Corps installation will be governed by regulations promulgated by the local commanding officer. Such local regulations will not be in conflict with federal and state Hunting and Fishing Laws.

ALL-MARINE

BASKETBALL

52



Sgt. Henry J. McCann

Leatherneck Staff Writer

A Quantico arm proved longest in this battle for a rebound against San Diego



Photo by Sgt. R. W. Savatt

Quantico Marines huddled together in their dressing room to whoop it up after winning

the 1952 All-Marine Basketball Championship. San Diego's locker room was unusually quiet

QUANTICO, SURPRISE team of the past basketball season, won the second annual All-Marine Basketball Tournament with a double victory over San Diego, 66-58 and 71-55 in the Marine Corps Schools' Gym, March 25 and 26.

The cagers from the banks of the Potomac entered the finals after the basketball upset of the year—a win over the favored champs of 1951—Parris Island.

San Diego copped the West Coast crown with its second place standing in 11th Naval District play. Although they bowed to the Naval Training Center at San Diego, the MCRD cagers came out on top of the Marine teams in the league.

On March 25, 850 Marine hoop fans squeezed into the Marine Corps Schools' undersized gymnasium to watch the opener.

They saw the Marines from Virginia take a quick 6-0 advantage on the

strength of forward Wes Field's commanding play under both backboards. Jim Ranson finally put San Diego in the score column with a free throw and followed with a field goal. A couple of Millers, Bryan and Virgil, teamed up with five and three points respectively to round out MCRD's scoring in the first period. Their 11 points, plus Field's 14 markers, put their team on top with 27 for the period.

The second stanza saw the Boot Camp five cut down the lead with one-handers from outside as they outscored Quantico to make the tallyboard read 41-32 at halftime.

Going into the second half, the Diego Devildogs took complete command of the floor, both backboards and the ball, with Ranson, Gary Filbert and Richard Garth leading the way. Ranson's two-pointer with the clock reading eight minutes brought his team to within one point of a new ball game. "Mac" Williams slapped on the brakes when he

dropped the ball through the hoop for an MCS tally and the last two minutes of the stanza increased the lead in favor of the East Coast team 54-49.

In the last ten minutes, Quantico tightened up defensively and held the Devildogs at bay for the rest of the game. Quantico's refrigerator act in the closing minutes froze the game in their favor at 66-58.

In the second game, the MCRD team held the lead for a few brief moments. Then the Virginians got down to business. It was a tough battle, with Quantico slowly overcoming the deficit and building the lead to 37-28 at halftime.

The second half was a rout. Coach Roy Sheil cleared the bench, giving every member of the Quantico squad a chance to hit the hoop. San Diego went down under the barrage, 71-55, and a new All-Marine champ was crowned.

Keynotes in the outcome of the series were San Diego's laxity at the free throw line and the absence in the first

TURN PAGE

Quantico, in a surprise upset, whipped the Recruit Islanders

and overpowered San Diego to win the All-Marine Crown

ALL-MARINE BASKETBALL (cont.)

game's scoring column of Quantico's record breaker, Jim Phelan, and the Devildogs' high scoring star, Filbert. In the second game the two stars scored freely for their respective teams, Filbert with 21 and Phelan sharing the spotlight with teammate Williams with 17 apiece.

San Diego had just finished a highly successful season of 43 wins against only 13 losses. This record was compiled against West Coast service teams and leading colleges. Their schedule included the University of California at Santa Barbara, San Francisco State, Occidental College and Pasadena City College. Although the Devildogs were runners-up in the 11th Naval District League, they took first place in the Southwest Border AAU Association. Enroute to Quantico, the MCRD quintet stopped off at Denver, Colorado, where they were entered with 64 of the nation's best amateur teams in the National AAU Tourney. They won the first round but lost out to the Peoria Caterpillars the following night.

Gary Filbert, former University of Missouri player, was leading scorer on the MCRD team. His average for the season was 11.6 and his 13.5 percentage in 24 games of 11th Naval District play gave him the league scoring title. Other standouts of the season were the two Millers. Bryan made Little All-American for action with Tyler Junior

College in Tyler, Texas, during the 1949-50 season. For San Diego, he turned in a 9.7 per game average. Virgil, who duplicated the 9.7 average, played varsity ball for the University of Minnesota for two years. Ranson, another of the team's stalwarts, was high man for the West in the first game. He was also leading point getter for San Diego in last year's All-Marine playoffs.

Major Raymond "Hap" Spuhler, MCRD coach, can be justly proud of the record compiled by his charges in the 1951-52 season.

Quantico went into the playoffs for the East Coast All-Marine Championship as a second choice to the highly touted Parris Island aggregation. In the first game Quantico took on a weak but game group from 8th & Eye of Washington, D. C., and walked away with an 80-42 win. The next night the Virginia Marines trounced Portsmouth, hitherto untried in Marine competition. Portsmouth about-faced and dumped 8th & Eye in the double elimination tournament the following night. Then they got the axe from Quantico in a performance identical to their earlier meeting.

Next came the best two-out-of-three duel for the East Coast crown between the mighty Islanders and the underdog Quantico. PI, by winning the 6th Naval District crown, was the favorite. During the regular season the Islanders had defeated all comers of the Marine variety with the exception of one loss to the Virginians. In the scramble for the 6th ND title they teamed up with Lejeune to wipe out Cherry Point's

hopes and then dispatched Lejeune in the following two games.

Quantico wasn't given much hope in the finals because they had dropped one to Lejeune, had a close call with Cherry Point, and after winning the first in season play with PI by a three point margin, they lost a second fracas by six.

Goettge Memorial Field House at Camp Lejeune was the scene of Marine basketball's biggest moments in the '51-'52 season. The contest was a hard-fought battle but the experts had figured correctly. The two foes tossed the lead back and forth during the first half, but PI was out front 36-31 at midpoint. At game's end, the Islanders still led 71-64.

With Adair, McMenamin, Colman and Gillespie, a quartet of smooth ball players from Philadelphia's LaSalle College varsity, PI had every right to confidence as they warmed up for the second game. But, Quantico had a LaSalle veteran, too. His name is Jim Phelan and Parris Island cagers won't forget him. In the series, Phelan put on one of the best defensive shows ever seen on a Marine court.

After the Islanders had jumped off to a quick lead, Quantico's Coach Sheil switched tactics. The MCS quintet tried a semi-freeze and played a slow, deliberate game against the fast-breaking PI cagers. By halftime the Virginians had cut the lead to five points and in the third quarter they bounced ahead and held the margin, winning the second game in the series, 57-49.

In the first three periods of the third and deciding (continued on page 73)



Gen. Lemuel C. Shepherd, Commandant of the Marine Corps, congratulates the winners

WE- *the* MARINES

Leatherneck will pay \$10.00 for each W-T-M item accepted for publication

Edited by Sgt. Henry J. McCann

Life Saver

The Marine Corps' new body armor has been credited with saving the lives of 18 men in Korea.

Production line models of the vest-like garment which weighs less than eight pounds, arrived in the Far East last January. Combat and medical personnel have praised the protective armor for its effectiveness.

Private First Class Ralph W. Barlow, Jr., was wearing the vest when a four-inch square piece of steel from an enemy mortar shell hit him in the chest.

"I was knocked to the ground with great force and had the wind knocked out of me," Barlow said. "The vest saved my life. I'll swear by it."

Another Marine lived despite a close mortar blast which sent 41 fragments



Official USMC Photo

Pfc Ralph Barlow exhibits Korean shrapnel that hit his armored vest during patrol action. Impact knocked him down, but he escaped injury

into the armor of laminated plastic, fibrous glass and nylon.

PIO

Department of Defense

Brazilian Visitor

The Commandant of the Brazilian Marine Corps, Vice Admiral Sylvio de Camargo, is currently on a two months tour of United States Marine installations.

During an interview in the office of General Lemuel C. Shepherd, Jr., Commandant of the Marine Corps,

Admiral de Camargo stated that the purpose of his visit was to acquaint himself with the latest developments in amphibious landings, equipment and training programs used by United States Marines.

Admiral de Camargo also told reporters how Brazilian Marine Corps' history parallels the Corps in this country. Vanguard of the present day Brazilian Marine Corps of 6000 was a group of Portuguese Marines who came to the South American country in 1808 when Brazil was under con-

TURN PAGE



Official USMC Photo

Vice Adm. Sylvio de Camargo, Brazilian Marine Commandant, inspects Washington, D. C., Marines



Photo by Camera Association

Bill Bendix poses with men of the Corps while rehearsing for radio portrayal of Lou Diamond

WE—THE MARINES (cont.)

trol of Portugal—the mother country. Since then, the Brazilian Marines have been active as a land and sea force. Until recently, Naval officers commanded the Marines but now, promising officers are being commissioned as officers of the Corps.

At present, the Admiral stated, the Brazilian Marine Corps is in the process of building a boot camp fashioned after Parris Island and San Diego.

Bigger n' Better

A company first sergeant in Korea was beginning to doubt the recorded outcome of the Civil War. Confederate banners seemed to be everywhere!

and its size didn't help matters. But I tried to convince them that New York City does everything bigger and better."

City of New York
Office of the Mayor

New England Reunion

The Second Marine Division Association announced that it will hold its third annual convention in Boston, Mass., on July 18, 19, and 20. Convention headquarters will be at the Statler Hotel.

This will be the first time that the "Tarawa Division" has met in New England. Two previous reunions were held in Washington, D.C., and Chicago, Ill. A record turnout is expected from the 80,000 former members of the unit, according to Brigadier General James P. Riscley, Association President.

picked "Jets" as its nickname for the 1952 season, business manager Claude King, Jr., wrote the Cherry Point Marines for help in providing a novel introduction for the players' appearance on the field.

A tape recorder was placed in the operations tower, and while a Banshee jet warmed up its engines, the sound was taped. Later, it was transferred to a wax disk for the diamond "Jets."

The "Jets" now race to their positions on the field to the recorded scream of a fighter plane, while their opponents wonder if mere baseball bats will prove adequate weapons for facing a nine-man formation of "Jets."

Pfc Roy Johns, Jr.

Doing Their Bit

A new veterans' organization has been



Official USMC Photo

Pfc M. Skacel, former underground spy, plans to write a book when he recovers from an operation



Photo by Barry Krammer

When Marines of the USS Prairie State voted for their favorite "Smile Girl," singer Jane Powell won

The display of Rebel flags was more than Master Sergeant Joseph Stich could tolerate. He wrote a request to a friend, Vincent R. Impellitteri, Mayor of New York City. A few weeks later a package arrived. When the first sergeant opened it and saw the tri-colored, four by six foot flag of the City of New York, he declared, modestly:

"I'll fly this thing higher than anything else!"

During the past year Mayor Impellitteri has received many requests from New York boys in the service for flags of their home town. The 100th flag went to MSgt. Stich.

In a letter of thanks to the Mayor, Stich said, "Of course, the South felt a little downhearted seeing our flag,

The three-day reunion will include a New England clambake on July 18, a fashion show and "brunch" for the women guests, followed by a banquet and dance on July 19, and the traditional memorial services on July 20.

For additional information write to: Stanley Robbins, 20 Malden St., Watertown, Mass.

Fast Team

Although contact with professional baseball is not routine for PIO men at Cherry Point, they'll help to start every home game played this season by Greensboro, N. C., of the Class "D" Coastal Plains League.

When fans of the Greensboro club

founded in Oklahoma—Tulsa's Marine Memorial Association. Unlike others, the Marine group has a restricted membership and a single goal. Their aim is to build a memorial to Tulsa area Marines who lost their lives in Korea.

Membership is limited to members of the Tulsa Marine Reserve unit which was called to active duty in July, 1950. Nearly half the unit was in the First Marines when the regiment took the beaches at Inchon and went on to capture Seoul. Later, many more Marines of the Tulsa unit fought with the First Marines on the icy roads between Hungnam and the Chosin Reservoir.

Members of the old outfit are being released and returned home. Today, nearly 80 percent of the association's

members are Korean veterans. In their fund-raising program, the Marines have adopted one rule uncommon to most drives for funds—there will be no solicitations; no one will be asked to contribute. To reach the \$2500 goal for the memorial, the organization has conducted paper drives with its own membership and now other projects are being considered.

The memorial will be a tribute, not only to members of the organized unit which was called to active duty, but to all Tulsa area Marines who have lost their lives in the Korean war.

"Hand Grenade"

Kilroy Again

Sgt. Donald Joseph Kilroy gets around. A few months ago this Philadelphia Marine was in Korea. Now he's home with an honorable discharge. He promptly joined the Marine Corps Reserve for an indefinite period with another request for active duty.

Sgt. Kilroy served almost four years in the Marines and earned a Purple Heart, Presidential Unit Citation and Korean Service Medal with two stars.

Kilroy's reasons for wanting more service with the Marines:

"My dad fought in World War I; my three brothers fought in World War II; we Kilroys get around!"

Marine Reserve officials marked the case, "Kilroy was here."

Headquarters
4th Marine Reserve District

Settling Down

Czech underground spy, intelligence interpreter, laborer, butler, student and top European journalist—Private First Class Milan B. Skacel has tried all of those occupations. But the Czechoslovakian DP has a new job now; he's in the U.S. Marine Corps.

The youthful Marine with this varied and versatile background arrived at Camp Lejeune recently to serve with the Second Marine Division.

Skacel has lived a cloak and dagger thriller that spanned the Iron Curtain from Prague to Berlin, London, Paris and New York. In 1939, when the German war machine overran his homeland, he became a member of the underground. After the Germans were defeated, the Reds moved in. To escape the Iron Curtain, Skacel and his mother skied across the border into the American zone of Germany.

After working as a laborer, butler,

and tutor, Skacel finally became copy boy with the United Press Bureau in Paris. In a short time he was noted as one of France's top free lancing sports and feature writers.

Last October he journeyed to this country to find a home. When United Press hired him in New York, Skacel made his home there and became engaged to an American girl. He was inducted into the Marine Corps last December.

Pfc Skacel has applied for American citizenship and hopes to bring his mother to this country from France.

"After living in the shadow of fear and death for so long, I would like to make my home in America," he said.

Corp. Phil Sanborne
PIO, Camp Lejeune

Wedding Bells

Sergeant Werner W. Reininger may have been unsteadier than the average bridegroom as he left the altar recently with his bride after their marriage ceremony at U.S. Naval Hospital, Oakland, Calif. But it was a happy day for the 22-year-old Marine who had become the first quadruple amputee in the Marine Corps, 17 months ago, as a result of wounds received in Korea.

TURN PAGE



WE—THE MARINES (cont.)

Reininger met his bride—Jeanette Stretton, of Hayward, Calif.—last fall and proposed to her on Thanksgiving Day.

Among the guests who filled the little hospital chapel to witness the ceremony were the sergeant's buddies from the amputee ward, many in wheelchairs or on crutches.

The couple postponed their honeymoon until the sergeant will be ready to leave the hospital, but he spent a three week leave in Hayward. Jeanette and "Tex" will share her parents' home in Hayward until his training is complete. Eventually they will live in San Antonio, Texas, his hometown, where

friends raised more than \$11,000 to build a home for him.

The sergeant has been under treatment at Oak Knoll since January, 1951, when he was evacuated from overseas. Grenade wounds and frostbite had cost him both legs and the fingers of both hands. During his stay at the hospital, he is learning to use his artificial limbs, and receiving rehabilitation before being discharged from the hospital and the Marine Corps.

PIO, USNH
Oakland, Calif.

Buddies

When the Red Cross notified Pfc Charles H. Phillips, a student in the Field Telephone School, that there was a serious illness in his family, he was

granted emergency leave by his commanding officer. But Phillips lacked the money for the trip to Pahokee, Florida.

The traveling expenses—about \$240—were promptly loaned by the Red Cross. Phillips agreed to pay it back in small monthly sums.

When other Marines in the telephone school learned of Phillips' trouble they decided to help him. On payday the students contributed generously; they paid off the Red Cross loan for Phillips and sent him a check for \$76 to pay additional expenses.

PIO, MCRD
San Diego

Fifth Division Reunion

The Fifth Marine Division Association will hold its third annual convention in Chicago on June 27, 28 and 29. Convention headquarters will be at the Palmer House.



Association members and all former members of the Fifth Marine Division are invited to attend the "Spearhead" Division's reunion.

Inquiries should be addressed to: Elliot R. Detchon, Jr., Dancer-Fitzgerald-Sample, Inc., 221 N. LaSalle St., Chicago 1, Illinois. **END**



Kilroy's back again! This time it's Sgt. Donald Kilroy, of Philadelphia

United Press Photo
Marion Parkhill smiles into mirror of iron lung donated by 1st Mar. Division



YOU, TOO, CAN BE LOADED WITH LOOT!

This lucky Marine was one of the 67 winners in the First Quarterly Competition for the

LEATHERNECK AWARDS FOR RIFLE MARKSMANSHIP

Total awards include four gold medals, four silver medals, sixteen bronze medals, many cash awards from \$15 to \$50, 67 Winner's Certificates and 67 subscriptions to the LEATHERNECK.

Marines everywhere are now shooting for the same awards to be made for the Second Quarter. Grand prize winner of the Quarterly competition wins \$50 in cash, a gold medal, certificate, subscription PLUS a handsome Winchester Model 70, 30-06 hunting rifle.



DON'T MISS OUT

ON THIS SECOND QUARTERLY
COMPETITION NOW UNDERWAY

- Get full information and Entry Blank from your Range Officer
- Start shooting for your share of the prize jackpot TODAY!

Second Quarterly Competition Closes Midnight, June 30, 1952

Gyrene Gyngles

THE INTERVIEW

A grim and weary figure knocked one day at Heaven's gate,
Then sank upon a grassy mound nearby, to rest and wait.
His clothes were soiled and tattered, of faded forest green;
His shoulders drooped with sheer fatigue, his face was gaunt and lean.
Unseeing, burning eyes gazed out, beneath his headgear's brim,
Until a Stranger, robed in white, walked slowly up to him.
"Whence comest thou?" the Stranger said,
"Why wait you here outside?"
"I knocked, but no one answers," the figure then replied.
"Tell me about yourself," the Stranger's voice was soft and low.
The figure answered, "Very well, I'll tell you all I know."

My comrades and I, through the years, have fought on land and sea,
In many Nations on the Earth, that all men might be free.
We've borne the brunt of war's worst blows, we've conquered every odd
And when our mission there was done, we've come to meet our God—
To be assigned to duty here, as guards to Heaven's scenes;
On Earth we held the title of United States Marines,
From Tripoli to China, from Belleau Wood on through,
On bloody island beaches and South Korea too;
We've tried to strike the shackles from those in bondage held;
We've tried to bring all men together, under friendship's weld.

So that is all my story, and I'm here at Heaven's gate.
Perhaps I'd better knock again, the Gateman may be late."
The Stranger smiled and beckoned, the heavy gate swung wide
St. Peter stood there smiling and motioned them inside.
They entered, and the Stranger stepped forth in shining light.
He touched the faded garments, they turned to snowy white.
"Assign this man," the Stranger said, "to keep the books of Life;
There are no guards in Heaven, for here there is no strife.
The record of his life is clear, as any man's can be,
He's gained the goal for which he fought, for here ALL men are free.

By D. Witte



GRIEF

It is a sight to kill your soul
To see a strong man cry,
To witness his unhidden grief,
When he's watched his buddy die.

The tears stream down his tired face
He couldn't stop them if he tried,
Or lift the pain that's in his heart,
These things I know—because I cried.

Sgt. D. M. Bruce, USMCR

JUST A MARINE

Lots of growl
Lots of grin
Lots of fight
Lots of win

Plenty gripe
Plenty proud
Plenty still
Plenty loud

Always tough
Always there
Always ready
Always prayer

Not a flyboy
Very keen
Not a swabby
Just Marine.

Pvt. John L. Fox

MAIL CALL

Write often to your Service Man
For, wherever he may be,
He is waiting for a letter
To keep his heart worry-free.
He seeks not War Medals
Or to reach the Hall of Fame,
He's just a kid at "Mail Call"
Hoping he'll hear his name.
Tho it may be just a post card,
It's a word that came from home,
You can either make or break him
While he fights across the foam!
His young face reflects his sadness
As he turns to walk away.
Happy boys are reading letters
But for him—"No Mail Today."
Are the folks back home forgetting?
He grows weak—and sick inside!
Tho he's not alone—he's lonesome
And his sadness he tries to hide.
Write to him—it takes so little
Just a scribble of a pen,
But it's more desired than riches
By those kids who look like men.

Miss Erie McCabe

MAIL CALL

[continued from page 15]

Former Marine Clarence Nordling, Rt. 1, Box 66, Hawarden, Iowa, wishes to contact Murray Weinberg or anyone knowing his whereabouts.

Mrs. T. J. Grady, 1264 Farrell St., Butte, Mont., wishes to contact Marine Robert Cutter who enlisted at Butte.

Pfc John K. Baird, Cas. Co., Hq. Bn., MCS, Quantico, Va., wishes to contact Pfc Donald A. Custer believed to be stationed at Cherry Point, N. C., or anyone with whom he served in Yokosuka, Japan.

Retired MSgt. Charles C. Freeman, 2143 11th Ave., Oakland 6, Calif., wishes to hear from Retired SSgt. Raymond M. Hamilton, believed to be living in Washington, D. C.

Former Marine O. P. Rice, 12 Beck Ave., Greenville, S. C., would like to contact Jack Holden or other buddies who served with "E" Co., 2nd Bn., 6th Marines, 2nd Mar. Div. during 1945 in Japan.

Former Marine John D. Wiley, Storm

Lake, Iowa, would like to hear from John Henry James who went through boot camp at San Diego in Oct.-Nov., 1951.

Sgt. Thomas M. Truax, Hq. Btry., 11th Marines, 1st Mar. Div., c/o FPO San Francisco, Calif., wishes to hear from James Forbes and Jack Davis of Detroit, Mich.

SSgt. Ian H. Roulston, 1911 N. Broadway, Oklahoma City, Okla., would like to contact Sgt. George W. Ridley or anyone knowing his whereabouts.

Former Marine Jack H. Ruby, 3320 E. 12th St., Kansas City 1, Mo., would like to hear from Wayne E. Hendricks of Toledo, Ohio, and any other Marine buddies.

SSgt. Frank A. Fierro, 165-03 85th Ave., Jamaica 3, L. I., N. Y., wishes to contact Jack Jenkins and Roy Mollomo of Plt. 117, MCRD, Parris Island, S. C., who were there in Nov., 1950.

Miss Barbara Anderson, Qtrs. "Q" 15, NAS, Pensacola, Fla., wishes to get in touch with Pfc Edward Carol Hyland.

Mrs. Billie Lutz, 1434 1/2 Delano St., Van Nuys, Calif., wishes to contact Ed Evans of Racine, Wis., believed to have been a former Gunnery Sergeant with the 5th Mar. Div.

Sgt. Grady Gary, "A" Co., 1st Tank Bn., 1st Mar. Div., c/o FPO San Francisco, Calif., would like to contact 1st Lt. Lyle W. Bullard who formerly served in Adak, Alaska.

Sgt. George W. McInturff, "C" Co., 7th Motor Trans. Bn., Ser. Com., c/o FPO San Francisco, Calif., wishes to hear from Sgt. "Skip" Ellis who was at Camp Pendleton in Aug., 1951.

Pfc Richard Fogleman, Hq. Co., Hq. Bn., 3rd Mar. Div., Umpire Grp, 13B7, Camp Pendleton, Oceanside, Calif., wishes to hear from former boot camp buddies.

Former Marine Carl F. Dodson, Somerville, Tenn., wishes to hear from former boot camp buddies of Plt. 290, 1st Rct. Trng. Bn., MCRD, Parris Island, S. C., Jan., 1950.

Otto J. Fuka, 4940 W. 23rd Place, Cicero 50, Ill., would like to hear from Marines who served with his son, Richard O. Fuka, "E" Co., 2nd Bn., 7th Marines, 1st Mar. Div., reported missing in action on Nov. 28, 1950, in Korea.

Mrs. Ruth M. James, 2215 Parker Rd., Houston 16, Tex., would like to get in touch with anyone who served with her son, Pfc Fred J. Schnorr, Jr., "C" Co., 1st Bn., 1st Marines, 1st Mar. Div., reported killed in action April 23, 1951, in Korea.



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"... for extraordinary heroism ..."

LtCol. Virgil W. Banning
Capt. Robert H. Barrow
Capt. Walter D. Phillips, Jr. (Posthumous)
1stLt. Chester D. Penney, Jr. (Posthumous)
1stLt. George S. Sullivan (Posthumous)
SSgt. Ernest J. Umbaugh (Posthumous)
Sgt. Leland E. Ehrlich (Posthumous)
Sgt. Charlie Foster (Posthumous)
Pfc Walter W. George (Posthumous)
Pfc James W. Ogden (Posthumous)
Pvt. Stanley S. Robinson

SILVER STAR MEDAL

"... for conspicuous gallantry and intrepidity against the enemy ..."

"Gold Star in lieu of ... award"

Major Webb D. Sawyer (3rd award)
LtCol. John L. Hopkins (2nd award)
Major Warren Morris (2nd award)
1stLt. Herace L. Johnson, Jr. (2nd award)
SSgt. Russell J. Bergomolero (2nd award)

SILVER STAR MEDAL (First Award)

LtCol. Homer E. Hise
LtCol. John L. Hopkins
LtCol. Glen E. Martin
Major Roland E. Carey
Major Morse L. Holladay
Major Robert P. Keller
Capt. Kenneth A. Anderson
Capt. Thomas J. Schannan
Capt. Edward E. Hamnerbeck
Capt. John C. Johnston
Capt. Jack R. Jones
Capt. Wesley C. Noren
Capt. John C. Sheloutt (Posthumous)
Capt. Raymond M. Spuhler
1stLt. Van D. Bell, Jr.
1stLt. Joseph M. Brent
1stLt. Charles P. Bunnell, Jr.
1stLt. August L. Comarata
1stLt. Francis E. Carlson
1stLt. James H. Cowan
1stLt. William A. Craven
1stLt. Edward J. Cronin, Jr.
1stLt. William F. Curry
1stLt. William H. Dean (Posthumous)
1stLt. Richard L. Dively
1stLt. Robert J. Epperson
1stLt. James L. Frasier
1stLt. Edwin W. Hakala
1stLt. John B. Hancock (Posthumous)
1stLt. Edward E. Keyes, Jr.
1stLt. Neil B. Mills
1stLt. Grady H. Mitchell, Jr. (Posthumous)
1stLt. Beach E. Myster
1stLt. Merrill L. Norton
1stLt. Norman W. Hicks
1stLt. Arthur W. Pechman
1stLt. Karl F. Seydel (Posthumous)
1stLt. Robert E. Warner
1stLt. Gilbert M. Westa
2ndLt. Robert L. Appleby
2ndLt. James D. Basler (Posthumous)
2ndLt. Brandon P. O'Donnell
2ndLt. Robert E. Buchmann
2ndLt. Bobby W. Burnett
2ndLt. Charles G. Cooper
2ndLt. Wiley J. Grigsby, Jr. (Posthumous)
2ndLt. Edwin A. Deftula

2ndLt. George G. Flood
2ndLt. Clarence W. Frieske
2ndLt. John B. Lilley, II
2ndLt. Richard D. Mickelson
2ndLt. Fred G. Redman
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2ndLt. Thomas P. Reid
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2ndLt. Harry P. Schanning
2ndLt. Walter J. Sharpe
2ndLt. James W. Stemple
MSgt. Mac R. Garwin
MSgt. Raper Henry
TSgt. John L. Arnold
TSgt. Stephen P. Compoy
SSgt. Willie P. Hammonds
SSgt. Willie Ingram, Jr.
SSgt. Abraham I. Mandel
SSgt. Henry M. Sheak (Posthumous)
SSgt. William G. Walling
Sgt. Lloyd E. Arce
Sgt. John W. Baser
Sgt. Matthew Curuso
Sgt. Joseph P. Connolly
Sgt. James G. Cotton
Sgt. Robert V. Damon
Sgt. Edsel E. Edson
Sgt. Ralph E. Fenton
Sgt. Richard E. Harris (Posthumous)
Sgt. John O. Henry
Sgt. Masumi H. Hirota
Sgt. Jack M. Kennedy
Sgt. Delbert W. Klein, Sr.
Sgt. Marie J. Manley
Sgt. Robert E. McBryde
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Sgt. Antonio D. Sanders
Sgt. Aurelio C. Sanchez
Sgt. Donald H. Schrock
Sgt. Jack R. Seeler
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Corp. Arvil V. Adwell
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Corp. Franklin M. Canterbury (Posthumous)
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Corp. Dean D. Charles (Posthumous)
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Corp. Anthony F. Domeo
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Corp. Peter W. Malinowsky
Corp. David Martins
Corp. Lawrence W. McIlrea
Corp. Frank E. Omels (Posthumous)
Corp. James Perkins
Corp. Avaro Ramirez, Jr.
Corp. Thomas P. Reffner
Corp. Philip A. Reynolds
Corp. Robert J. Shannon (Posthumous)
Corp. Walter G. Smith
Corp. John C. Stronger (Posthumous)
Corp. Joseph A. Urban
Corp. Maurice J. Vanderveen
Corp. Joe N. Veach
Corp. Louis M. Williams
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Pfc Daniel J. Ballam
Pfc Douglas V. Bird
Pfc Stanley A. Blazewicz (Posthumous)
Pfc Richard A. Bonnell
Pfc Billie F. Bradshaw (Posthumous)
Pfc Vincent J. Carney
Pfc Paul M. Cloud

Pfc James P. Davis
Pfc Marie L. Davis
Pfc Lee A. Delisle
Pfc William F. Doriot
Pfc Richard Draper
Pfc Leonard F. Enos
Pfc Elmer A. Fenwick, Jr.
Pfc Richard Fitzgerald
Pfc Anton J. Freer (Posthumous)
Pfc Edward J. Gerevics
Pfc John J. Hennessey
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Pfc Yale S. Klefer (Posthumous)
Pfc Earl Ladd, Jr.
Pfc William A. Lister
Pfc Francis J. Matasovsky
Pfc George McDurman
Pfc Robert R. McGhee
Pfc Charles V. Miller
Pfc Joseph R. Miller (Posthumous)
Pfc Robert J. Mills
Pfc Donn W. Maling
Pfc Kenneth W. Navo
Pfc Homer Penn
Pfc Herbert A. Scherzinger (Posthumous)
Pfc Gerald J. Smith (Posthumous)
Pfc Henry G. Turner

LEGION OF MERIT

"... for exceptionally meritorious conduct in the performance of outstanding services to the Government of the United States ..."

"Gold Star in lieu of second award ..."

Col. Richard C. Mangrum (2nd award)

LEGION OF MERIT (First Award)

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Col. Carson A. Roberts
Col. Joseph P. Sayers
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LtCol. Homer E. Hise
LtCol. Robley E. West
Major Gerald P. Averill
Major David W. McFarland
1stLt. Jeremiah O'Leary, Jr.

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"Gold Star in lieu of ... award ..."

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Capt. James C. Harrington (3rd award)
Capt. John P. McGrand (3rd award)
Major Robert D. McLaughry (2nd award)
Capt. James B. Turner, Jr. (2nd award)
1stLt. Lyle R. Bradley (2nd award)

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Capt. Dennis W. Bollant

Capt. George F. Farling, Jr.
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 Capt. Frederick V. Lind
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 1stLt. Robert O. Crocker (Posthumous)
 1stLt. Edward S. John
 1stLt. John E. Marshall
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 2ndLt. Leslie L. Darbyshire
 2ndLt. James J. Line

NAVY — MARINE CORPS MEDAL

"... for heroic conduct ..."

SSgt. Thomas E. Tuck
 Sgt. Lumbia W. Faulkner
 Corp. Charles P. Barrett, Jr.

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"... for meritorious achievement ..."

"Gold Star in lieu of ... award ..."

Major Thomas F. Cave, Jr. (3rd award)
 Major Joseph L. Abel (2nd award)
 Major John F. Meisner (2nd award)
 Major Thomas F. Cave, Jr. (2nd award)
 1stLt. Charles R. Stephenson, III (2nd award)
 2ndLt. Marvin D. Gardner (2nd award)
 2ndLt. John H. Miller (2nd award)
 2ndLt. Robert O. Reisinger (2nd award)
 2ndLt. Kenneth C. Williams (2nd award)
 TSgt. Clifford K. Lucas (2nd award)
 SSgt. Willis A. Reid (2nd award)
 Sgt. Donald R. McCracken (2nd award)
 Sgt. Joseph Rea (2nd award)
 Corp. Victor J. Schwartz (2nd award)
 Pfc Charles Ayers (2nd award)
 Pfc Curtis D. Smith (2nd award)

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 LtCol. Hugh M. Elwood
 LtCol. James B. Moore
 LtCol. Norman R. Nickerson
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 Major Robert L. Aubry
 Major Robert E. Baldwin
 Major Donald B. Cooley
 Major Armand G. Daddazio
 Major Marion C. Dalby
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 Major Louis G. Manville
 Major Warren Morris
 Major Dorrance Radcliffe (Posthumous)
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 Capt. Thomas R. C. Hood
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 Capt. John L. Kelly
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 1stLt. Richard P. Blandford, Jr.
 1stLt. Joseph A. Booth
 1stLt. James L. Burnett
 1stLt. Eugene A. Bushe
 1stLt. James L. Carey
 1stLt. Robert J. Champion
 1stLt. Arthur Coburn, II
 1stLt. Albert E. Coffeen
 1stLt. William H. Collins
 1stLt. Emmett J. Connors
 1stLt. Gerald S. Cotreau

1stLt. Charles J. Crittenden
 1stLt. Charles H. Dalton, Jr.
 1stLt. William C. Foote
 1stLt. Harold J. Fitzgerald
 1stLt. Thomas S. Fitzgerald
 1stLt. Charles Friend, III
 1stLt. Brice E. Gelsert
 1stLt. Frank W. Harris, III
 1stLt. William L. Hoelscher, Jr.
 1stLt. Donald C. Holmes
 1stLt. Horace L. Johnson, Jr.
 1stLt. William E. Johnson
 1stLt. Robert W. Jara
 1stLt. Peter Larkney
 1stLt. Robert Lawrence
 1stLt. R. J. McNamoy, Jr.
 1stLt. Alexander L. Michaus, Jr.
 1stLt. John H. Nichols
 1stLt. Eugene J. Paradis
 1stLt. William C. Patton
 1stLt. Samuel E. Piercy
 1stLt. Richard J. Randolph
 1stLt. Howard W. Rogers
 1stLt. Lawrence J. Schmidt
 1stLt. J. D. Sharp (Posthumous)
 1stLt. Hans M. Smith
 1stLt. Melvin D. Sonneborn
 1stLt. Clyde H. Stamps
 1stLt. Herbert F. Vass
 1stLt. Robert A. Waldaw
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 2ndLt. Fridolin W. Heer
 2ndLt. Forrest B. Holdridge
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 2ndLt. Francis W. Mautzel
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 2ndLt. Victor Ohanesian
 2ndLt. Earl F. Roth, Jr.
 2ndLt. Harold G. Schmidt
 2ndLt. George S. Shepherd
 2ndLt. Robert G. Staffney
 2ndLt. Lealon C. Wimpsee
 2ndLt. Richard B. Winter
 2ndLt. Robert D. Whitwell
 2ndLt. Russell H. Whittle, Jr.
 2ndLt. William F. MacMillan
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 CWO Beverly N. Stancaland
 WO Raymond Gragg
 WO Horace S. Harmer
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 TSgt. Wallace E. Vaden
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 SSgt. John E. Lincoln
 SSgt. Clifford K. Lucas
 SSgt. Henry H. Mayer
 SSgt. Robert A. McCormick
 SSgt. Basil W. McKinnee
 SSgt. Melvin J. Murphy
 SSgt. John O'Neill (Posthumous)
 SSgt. Louis J. Pellmar
 SSgt. Sigifredo A. Quincos
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 Sgt. Henry Carter
 Sgt. Paul J. Cassidy
 Sgt. Earl Collins
 Sgt. Ignacio D. Cruz
 Sgt. Kenneth D. Curtis
 Sgt. Duncan F. Davis
 Sgt. Gerald O. Davis (Posthumous)
 Sgt. Billie Dennis
 Sgt. Richard L. Everett
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 Sgt. Robert A. Kopsitz
 Sgt. Michael Lanaski
 Sgt. Wayne H. Link
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 Sgt. Ascencio P. Maurice
 Sgt. Donald R. McCracken
 Sgt. John McLaughlin (Posthumous)
 Sgt. Sims F. Morse
 Sgt. Royall J. Murphy
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 Sgt. Paul T. Visinger
 Sgt. Carl J. Visintainer
 Sgt. Will Warlie (Posthumous)
 Sgt. Francis J. Weist
 Sgt. Otis D. Williams
 Sgt. Graves R. Willis
 Sgt. Robert L. Wintjen
 Sgt. Walter Wojtan
 Corp. Palo B. Anau
 Corp. Richard I. Backoff
 Corp. Leroy Barkley
 Corp. Jackie R. Bean
 Corp. Clarence L. Bentley
 Corp. Arthur J. Bower, Jr. (Posthumous)
 Corp. Joseph Breen
 Corp. Robert O. Brooks
 Corp. Jack M. Bryan
 Corp. Frank J. Carmichael
 Corp. Robert L. Carpenter
 Corp. Ernest M. Carroll
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 Corp. Willis Clark, Jr.
 Corp. Daniel E. Confalone
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 Corp. Frank L. Creasy
 Corp. Chester L. DeLavern
 Corp. Francis X. Dugan (Posthumous)
 Corp. Andrew J. Fellers
 Corp. Robert R. Foulds
 Corp. S. G. Fulmer
 Corp. Harold Funmaker, Jr.
 Corp. Richard A. Gilling
 Corp. David E. Hall
 Corp. Edgar E. Harlan, Jr.
 Corp. John B. Harris, Sr.
 Corp. Robert C. Hildige
 Corp. Charles Hunter
 Corp. Charles A. Jankowski
 Corp. Allen L. Jones
 Corp. Roland J. Koss
 Corp. Thomas J. Keenan
 Corp. Arthur T. LaPorte
 Corp. John H. Lee

TURN PAGE

CITATIONS AND AWARDS (cont.)

Corp. Harold E. Mangrum
Corp. Bernard J. Marjenhoff
Corp. Frank Marinisio
Corp. Everett E. Mass
Corp. Robert E. McElveen
Corp. Bernard J. McNulty
Corp. Paul D. McPortland
Corp. Joseph E. Miller
Corp. Wesley D. Miller
Corp. William A. Miser
Corp. Charles W. Morrison
Corp. Robert H. Niles
Corp. Harold W. Nofstrand
Corp. Thomas H. Oliver, Jr.
Corp. Salvatore Padilla
Corp. Gene H. Paxton
Corp. Eugene Perry
Corp. Lonnie B. L. Pilkington
Corp. Dean A. Rainke
Corp. Richard R. Rohrbaugh
Corp. Jack L. Ryle
Corp. Dennis J. Scannell
Corp. Donald K. Schmidt
Corp. Eugene E. Sheehan
Corp. Robert L. Simonton
Corp. Clarence G. Smith
Corp. Walter J. Smyk, Jr. (Posthumous)
Corp. Charles O. Spallone
Corp. Earl B. Stickler, Jr.
Corp. Asa W. Strickland, Jr.
Corp. Stewart M. Tamelcoff
Corp. Joseph P. Tancala
Corp. Gustafas Venis
Corp. George N. Valgaris
Corp. George J. Wallant
Corp. Conway D. Wandland
Corp. Lowell T. Woffa (Posthumous)
Corp. Bill G. Woolman
Corp. Donald R. Zernikon
Pfc Darrell C. Alzora
Pfc Jerry L. Alwine

Pfc Richard E. Barnett
Pfc Hugh M. Bates
Pfc Conrad M. Boodle
Pfc Robert R. Becker
Pfc Sterling E. Bentley
Pfc Harold C. Boone
Pfc Ralph H. Bosely
Pfc Richard W. Boyer
Pfc Donald R. Berg
Pfc Francis R. Brown
Pfc Dominic M. Bulgarella
Pfc Carmine D. Burzomato
Pfc Clayton W. Caraa (Posthumous)
Pfc Sam J. Carpenter (Posthumous)
Pfc Leonard P. Carter (Posthumous)
Pfc Peter G. Casares
Pfc William D. Chambers
Pfc Joseph Ciccarelli
Pfc Clyde P. Coates, Jr.
Pfc Arnold L. Capitsky
Pfc Fred E. Cox
Pfc Ralph M. D'Avolio
Pfc Frank M. DeGraffenreid
Pfc Oscar DeLao
Pfc Marion F. Demming
Pfc Duray E. DeYoung
Pfc John E. Duck
Pfc Charles D. Eaton
Pfc Daniel J. Eng
Pfc David E. Everson
Pfc Paul D. Faulconer (Posthumous)
Pfc James W. Fleet
Pfc Glen E. Frazier (Posthumous)
Pfc John H. Fries
Pfc Robert D. Gappa
Pfc James D. Garcia
Pfc Donald B. Glenn
Pfc John R. Grover, Jr.
Pfc Jack C. Godsey
Pfc Charles S. Gonzales
Pfc Robert H. Gonzales
Pfc James A. Harris
Pfc Brett A. Holstein
Pfc F. G. M. Hutchins
Pfc George Jenik
Pfc Frederick T. Judd
Pfc Benjamin Krotke
Pfc Ruben R. Kuretsch
Pfc Max G. Leonard

Pfc William A. Lewis
Pfc Dewey R. Lowe
Pfc Paul L. MacDonald
Pfc George A. Malm
Pfc Selan Manuel
Pfc Nicholas J. Marciano
Pfc Forster A. Marth
Pfc Thomas W. Mawer
Pfc Charles A. McAndrews (Posthumous)
Pfc Collin L. McKinney
Pfc Hansel G. McLemore
Pfc Donald L. Minch
Pfc Gerald L. Morgan
Pfc Dale R. Mott
Pfc W. E. Nash (Posthumous)
Pfc Clarence O. Ogle
Pfc Harry F. Orlick
Pfc William Ott
Pfc Henry V. Parra
Pfc John A. Perez
Pfc John C. Pindexter
Pfc Alvin I. Pope
Pfc Billy Reynolds
Pfc Dan Roberson
Pfc Felix G. Russell, Jr.
Pfc Henry E. Sandman
Pfc Donald Scheidt
Pfc Max P. Schneider
Pfc Stay R. Smith
Pfc Troy B. Smith, Jr.
Pfc Jack D. St. Amour
Pfc Harry S. Stassinis
Pfc Frank L. Stone
Pfc Clarence D. Stonebraker
Pfc Charles W. Stragoff
Pfc Jesse C. Swaope (Posthumous)
Pfc John J. Territo
Pfc Evan L. Thomas
Pfc Donald E. Thompson
Pfc Harley G. Thompson
Pfc Ernesto L. Verdugo
Pfc George C. Verdugo, Jr.
Pfc John R. Villa
Pfc Thomas J. White, Jr.
Pfc Fred E. Whittemore
Pfc Adolph D. Wisniewski (Posthumous)
Pfc Robert C. Witt
Pfc William C. Wood
Pfc Jerry C. Yeargain

END



BURP!

Leatherneck Magazine

ALL-MARINE BASKETBALL

[continued from page 62]

contest it looked like PI would live up to the predictions of the sportscasters. Quantico's outlook was glum; ten minutes were left on the clock and they were trailing 56-48. They were already handicapped by the two officer rule and two of their enlisted stars, Williams and Fuqua, had been banished.

John Weglicki came off the bench to start the last period. Weglicki, a three-year Villanova varsity veteran, had led MCS scoring in the first game with 15 points, but he was still bothered by a back injury suffered earlier in the season. He started out by ringing the hoop for two, and before the clock ran out he had swished 11 markers. Weglicki's fourth two-pointer shoved the Virginia Marines ahead. The lead changed hands twice on a tap-in by PI's Clarence Yackey and a short push shot by Quantico's Phelan. Then with two minutes and 45 seconds remaining, Quantico began a freeze to protect its one point margin. Yackey missed a free throw that would have knotted the game in the last seconds, and Quantico's Tom Jockle made his foul shot good. Quantico won the game

67-65, and the East Coast championship went with it.

The main reason behind Quantico's success story is teamwork. Although Jim Phelan was a standout of the season with a 13 point per game average, an examination of the box scores shows that three or four of his teammates were always there in the two figure column along with him. Their game scoring average of 69.5 during their 35 won and 7 lost season record adds weight to the argument.

In his first year as coach for MCS, Roy Sheil had no simple task building a team from a squad of college and high school ball handlers who had never worked together before. But with the material at hand, he could hardly go wrong. Besides Phelan, Field, Williams, and Weglicki, he had Hank Baietti, who was a three year star for Long Island University; Don Ferguson, an Iowa State College varsity player, who makes up for his 5'7" height with dazzling ball handling, and Frank Fuqua, the amazing prep and high school star from Washington, D. C.

It took a lot of teamwork, fighting spirit and courage to overcome the stiff competition offered by top college and service teams while proving the experts wrong, and winning the All-Marine Basketball Championship. **END**

AVIATION BIRTHDAY

[continued from page 23]

show the Marines had been dealt in on since the end of the first World War. Major Ross E. Rowell leading a flight of six bombing planes used true dive bombing tactics for the first time against a group of 500 Sandinistas who were attacking a tiny Marine garrison force at Ocotal. They drove off the bandits in short order killing 40 and injuring many others. The garrison of 37 Marines and 47 Nicaraguans was saved by the Devil-birds' deadly bombing and strafing.

Another Marine group was hit by 800 bandits near Quilali immediately after that. The enemy forced the Marines back into the town and laid siege. A hasty landing strip was made by burning and leveling part of the town. A daring Marine pilot made ten trips carrying supplies and evacuating the wounded from the fight while under heavy enemy fire. Lieutenant Christian F. Schilt was awarded the Medal of Honor for these exploits at Quilali. He was to become one of the Corps' foremost aviation generals.

By 1928, airmen had flown 11,375 hours in Nicaragua and made contact with the enemy 88 times. The flying

conditions were as hazardous as the fighting. When a flap was on and the field was too small for safe take offs and landings they flew anyway. Mechs were stationed at the end of the runway with a pot of dope and fabric patches to put the planes together after they overran the runways.

Pilots were often forced down in the deadly Central American jungles. They struggled back to their bases with stories that rivaled those of their aerial feats. Methods of air evacuation of wounded, message drops, air supply and reconnaissance were refined during the Marines' five-year tenure in Nicaragua.

By the end of 1932 the Marines had made their last flights over the jungles. Peace returned and the Second Marine Brigade pulled out of the country.

Just before the kickoff for World War II, the Marines completed two decades of combat experience. But while they were long in field application, they were still anemic in strength. In 1921 the Corps' air arm numbered 1000 men. In June of 1940 there were less than 2000 air personnel in the ranks. The DH-4s were gone and biplanes were fading fast. Replacing them slowly were the Brewster Buffalo low wing monoplanes, sleek in line but slow in speed, and fabric covered Vindicator (continued on page 77)

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SOUND OFF

[continued from page 12]

ROYAL MARINES OF MALAYA

Dear Ed:

I was reading through your January issue of the *Leatherneck* when I saw that you have a women's branch. My two "Oppoes" and I thought it would be great if we could write to some of them. I wonder if you could either print our addresses in your magazine or arrange for some to write us. If, by any chance, we get a large number of answers I can distribute them amongst my pals back at camp so they can write. Our ages are all 20 years.

We quite often have to patrol out in the jungle for three weeks at a time and when we get back to camp we often have nothing to do except lie on our backs in the tent and gaze at the roof. We would appreciate it very much if you could do this favour for us.

We remain,

R.M. 8959 Mne. I. Action
"I" Sec. H. Troop
40 Commando R.M.
Kuala Kanbar
Perak, Malaya

R.M. 7657 Mne. T. Arundel
3 Commando Brigade R.M.
I Poh Perak, Malaya

R.M. 9033 Mne. D. Emerton
Hq Troop, 42 Commando
Royal Marines
c/o G.P.O. Kuala Lumpur
Selangor, Malaya

● *LEATHERNECK* is breaking a policy in this case. We don't ordinarily print requests for Pen Pals but if you read TSgt. Robert Tallent's article on Royal Commandos in this issue, you will understand why we are making an exception.—Ed.

OLD GUNNY'S DUNGAREES

Dear Editor:

I am one person who believes if you have something on your chest you can get it off by writing the *Leatherneck*. Well here it is. I hope there are still some men who agree with me.



I was reading the topic in the *Leatherneck* about what the "Old Gunny" had to say about dungarees. I am in the 2d Marine Air Wing and when you put your dungaree jacket in your trousers, the first officer you see

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 78)

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OLIVER, J. H., Sgt., Birmingham

COLORADO

KLUG, P. A., Pfc., Denver
LILE, J. E., HM3, Powder Horn

CONNECTICUT

STANKO, G. N., Pfc., Kensington

ILLINOIS

BRENNAN, W. R., Pfc., Cicero
FLAGLORE, R. W., Pfc., Chicago
HORN, W. B., 2ndLt., Evanston

INDIANA

VAN TIL, D. G., Pfc., Highland

IOWA

LANGLAS, E. W., Jr., Corp., Marengo

KENTUCKY

MEYER, J. J., Pfc., Brooksville

KANSAS

SWENSON, R. L., Pfc., Kansas City

LOUISIANA

LAFFOON, H. P., Pfc., Hebert
MELANCON, M., Jr., Pfc., Lafayette

MARYLAND

BITTERS, J. L., Sgt., Sparrows Point

MASSACHUSETTS

ROSE, W., Pfc., Greenfield

MICHIGAN

HUGHES, G. M., 2ndLt., Milan
SAMPSON, J. E., Corp., Detroit

MISSOURI

MONNEY, J. W., Pfc., Overland
RUSH, E. F., Pfc., Hannibal

NEW JERSEY

MALIFF, J. W., Jr., Corp., Jersey City

NEW YORK

KUNEY, J. H., Jr., 2ndLt., Croton-on-Hudson

OKLAHOMA

HARCOURT, C. G., HM3, Oklahoma City

OREGON

BRISTOW, J. R., Corp., Gaston
FOX, H. H., Corp., Portland

PENNSYLVANIA

CASSANO, V. A., Pvt., Verona
MILLER, G. S., Pfc., Philadelphia

RHODE ISLAND

BRIGGS, R., Pvt., Warwick

TEXAS

ELLINGTON, J. E., Corp., Alameda
McCUAN, R. N., Corp., El Paso
BEDFORD, M. F., Jr., Corp., Harlingen
STOVALL, D. J., 2ndLt., Presidio

UTAH

WALKER, W. S., SSgt., Murray

VIRGINIA

HODGSON, T. S., 2ndLt., Manassas

MISSING IN ACTION

CALIFORNIA

GRAY, R. C., Jr., Capt., Costa Mesa

WOUNDED

ALABAMA

ALLOWAY, C. M., Pfc., Montgomery
GUTTERY, B. N., Corp., North Birmingham
REYNOLDS, E. J., Corp., Marvel

ARIZONA

AYCOCK, B. G., Corp., Phoenix

CALIFORNIA

BARLOW, R. W., Jr., Pfc., Redondo Beach
BRILLIANT, M., LtCol., Corona Del Mar
CONLEY, K. M., Pfc., Fresno
DOLLENS, L. R., SSgt., Long Beach
FETCHKO, W. B., MSgt., Oceanside
GIESEL, J. R., 1stLt., Oceanside
HELM, R. H., Pfc., Alhambra
HERNANDEZ, J., Pfc., San Jose
IVEY, L. D., Pfc., Modesto
JENSON, W. E., Corp., San Bernardino
JONES, W., Corp., Los Angeles
LASSWELL, T. J., Pfc., San Marcos
LORD, D. E., Pfc., Orange
MOORE, W. E., Major, Tustin
NORBROM, A. L., 1stLt., Altadena
PALERMO, T. M., Jr., Pfc., Vallejo
SCHONBERGER, A. G., Capt., Pico
SHODEN, J. C., Capt., Santa Ana
TOMAINO, C. M., Pfc., San Jose
VALENZUELA, R. I., Pfc., Los Angeles
WHITE, R. J., Pfc., Richmond
WHITEHEAD, M. P., Sgt., West Los Angeles

COLORADO

DUNN, K. E., Pfc., Paoia
GLIVAR, R. J., Pfc., Denver
HENNINGER, J. O., Pfc., Denver
MULLIKEN, H. B., Sgt., Silverton
PAGE, H. M., Sgt., Denver
RICHARDS, W. L., Pfc., Los Animas

CONNECTICUT

ROSSI, E. H., Corp., Torrington

DELAWARE

FRYOR, D. O., Corp., Clayton

DISTRICT OF COLUMBIA

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MURFF, W. E., Corp., Jacksonville
WARD, R. W., Pfc., Hialeah
WENZEL, L. C., Pfc., Jacksonville

GEORGIA

BACON, F. C., Major, Rome
McARTHUR, J. D., Pfc., Hapeville
SCHOTT, D. A., Tsgt., Atlanta
STEADHAM, E. G., Sgt., College Park

ILLINOIS

COSGROVE, J. W., Pfc., Calumet City
HALL, R. N., Jr., 2ndLt., La Grange
KANE, J. R., Pfc., Chicago
KROLL, W. E., Jr., Pfc., La Grange
MINAR, E. L., Corp., Pekin
NICODEMUS, P. K., Sgt., Chicago Heights
PRATL, R. A., Pfc., Chicago

INDIANA

AUGUSTIN, W. E., Corp., Indianapolis
BARFIELD, W. V., Pfc., Anderson
GELBACK, J. D., Jr., SSgt., Jeffersonville

GYORI, W. E., Pfc., South Bend
METZ, G. E., Pfc., South Bend
STASIEWICZ, W. I., Sgt., East Chicago

IOWA

ANGIL, T., Tsgt., Des Moines
ELLINGSON, E. R., Pfc., Bode
GUNDERSON, L., Pfc., Osage
KEMPKER, R. J., Pfc., Fort Madison
KROENKE, L. B., Corp., Red Oak
OGREN, J. W., Corp., Des Moines
STOLTZFUS, R. D., Pfc., Wellman

KANSAS

COMLEY, R. L., Corp., Turner
DAVIS, R. L., Sgt., Lawrence

KENTUCKY

CARNEY, J. C., Pfc., Covington
HALE, C. R., Pfc., Glasgow
HUFFMAN, C. L., Jr., Pfc., Pikesville
POWELL, G., Corp., Eminence
WHITE, W. J., 1stLt., Princeton

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CANEZARO, L. B., Pfc., Mariagouin
BEZETTE, R. J., MSgt., Plaquemine
DIAL, W. J., Pfc., Ida
HEBERT, J. J., Pfc., Baton Rouge
MYRICK, L. L., Corp., Jamestown
RODDERS, T. S., Corp., Plain Dealing
YORK, D. C., Pfc., Opelousas

MAINE

EUSTIS, William W., Pfc., Dixfield
MacDONALD, H. E., Pfc., Houlton
MATHISON, G. P., Pfc., Bangor
McARTHUR, Robert L., Pfc., South Portland
WHITTEN, Arnold P., Sgt., Biddeford

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EVANS, William S., MSgt., Cumberland
JORDAN, B., 2ndLt., Baltimore
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MONK, T., Pfc., Jappa
RICH, B., 2ndLt., Baltimore
SMITH, Thomas D., Jr., Capt., Greenbelt
STIHEL, Andrew S., Corp., Baltimore
WHEATON, H. W., HM2, Baltimore

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FENNESSEY, E. J., Pfc., Rosbury
GILLIE, W. B., Pfc., Gloucester
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GREENE, Russell A., Corp., Natick
HARRINGTON, Robert F., Corp., South Boston
HIGGINS, Thomas F., Jr., 2ndLt., Lawrence
RUCHARZYK, Edward J., Corp., West Springfield
LEVASSEUR, Roland M., Pfc., Fall River
MAHONEY, Richard J., Jr., 2ndLt., South Boston
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MICHIGAN

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GRENIER, R. C., Pfc., Port Huron
HINER, R. G., Pfc., Grand Rapids
SAMS, L. P., Pfc., Ferndale
SHAW, J. A., Pfc., Flint

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HERDER, H. J., HM3, Red Wing
KANE, J. F., Jr., Pfc., St. Paul

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BROTT, D., Sgt., St. Joseph

MISSOURI

GUMPERT, J. D., Corp., St. Louis
KIRKPATRICK, W. B., Pfc, Savannah
MORRIS, R. E., Corp., St. Louis
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FRITZ, D. H., Pfc, Pittsburgh
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HAVENS, F. L., Pfc, Troy
HESS, H. H., Corp., Hanover
HOOPER, M. P., Pfc, Moosic
KURPEL, A. E., Sgt., West Aliquippa
McCARTHY, C. J., Pfc, Wilkes-Barre
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MASON, M. W., Corp., Fort Worth
NICOU, G. A., 1st Lt., Dallas
PARR, J. E., Corp., Evans
REDFORD, M. F., Jr., Corp., Hartington
SEBASTIAN, R. M., Pfc, Houston
SMART, W. E., Pfc, Corpus Christi
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THOMPSON, J. L., Pfc, Houston
WELLS, J. L., Pfc, Houston

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GERTIS, F., MSgt., Pulaski
HALSTEAD, O. V., Pfc, Creeds
HARTSEL, N. E., Corp., Vinton
HODGES, H. W., Pfc, Norfolk
PATTERSON, W. R., Pfc, Grundy
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DORRANCE, J. H., Pfc, Seattle
GUION, J. B., Jr., Corp., Seattle
McDONALD, B. C., Pfc, Kapowsin
STEVENS, R. E., Sgt., Vancouver

WEST VIRGINIA

BELLOMY, J. R., Pfc, Beckley
HENDERSON, R. W., Pfc, Grant Town
MABE, G. H., Corp., Charleston
MAXWELL, G. E., Pfc, Huntington
TANKERSLEY, C. A., Pfc, Midway

WISCONSIN

BUCHHOLTZ, R. P., Pfc, Waupaca
ENGLAND, O. M., Corp., Dallas
GILLITZER, T. J., Pfc, Eastman
HUGHES, B. N., Corp., Oshkosh
HUNTER, L. B., Pfc, Trempealeau
JENSEN, K. A., Pfc, Racine
MERRITT, J. A., Pfc, Niagara
MURPHY, E. L., Jr., Pfc, LaCrosse
SCIFO, S., Pvt., Milwaukee
WALTER, J., Corp., Manitowoc

AVIATION BIRTHDAY

[continued from page 73]

dive bombers. Both of these types were to see heavy service during the battle for Midway two years later.

In December, 1940, with Europe once again locked in combat, the Corps called up 11 scouting squadrons and two service and supply squadrons from the Reserve. This time expansion got a little edge on the start of hostilities. By Pearl Harbor day the strength of Marine air had more than tripled the 1940 figure.

The opening stanzas of World War II saw a lot of Marine heroes made, but during the first few months the Devilbirds got their wings heavily singed by the offensive air power of Japan. The planes were older and slower and the Marines were strongly outnumbered during the battles for Midway and Wake. In the best tradition of Cunningham, though, they started their comeback. Pilot training programs and courses were set up overnight. The Hellcat and the Wildcat made their debut in the Pacific. Marines became navigators after two weeks of forced fed training then went off on 5000 mile operational hops. It took scarcely longer to make men aerial photo interpreters or mechanics or ordnance men.

While thousands of Marines were starting to put new return addresses like Cherry Point, Edenton, Miramar, El Toro and Ewa on their mail, veteran pilots like Captains Hank Elrod, Hank Freuler, Marion Carl and Elmer Glidden were dunking meat balls and lowering the boom on Japanese naval units off Wake and Midway Islands. Although they were consistently outnumbered in the early months of the big war they exacted a heavy toll from the enemy. At Wake Island when the Marines lost their last plane the ground crews joined foot sloggers in the last desperate defense of the atoll.

The Solomon Island chain was the next stop-off. Henderson Field, seized from the Japanese on Guadalcanal in August, 1942, became a bivouac for leading aces. Lieutenant Colonel Gregory Boyington, who shot down 28 enemy planes, Major Joseph J. Foss, who downed 26 planes, Lieutenant Colonel John L. Smith, with 19 blasted, and Major Marion Carl who cut down 18½ enemy aircraft, all homed on the battered air strip. Before the see-saw argument for the field was finally resolved, a versatile new fighter roared down the Henderson runway. It was a plane destined to prove itself in two wars. Because its bent wings made a peculiar noise (continued on page 80)

END

SOUND OFF

[continued from page 74]

will tell you to take it out and then ask you: "Where do you think you are, in a line company"? Can anything be done about this?

Another thing, I joined the Marine Corps for what it used to be, not for what it is now. I know many men who will back me in the same statement. After leaving boot camp, which was my idea of the Marine Corps, I was thoroughly disappointed. The nearest thing I have found to the real Marine Corps is Court House Bay, Camp Lejeune, N. C.

Since I have returned to the Air Wing I feel more like a civilian than a Marine. The only time we ever drill is when we have an inspection and then no one can drill.

I hope this will do some good. I know a lot of my buddies who feel the same as I. They too would like to see the Corps better.

Incidentally we are both Regulars.

Sincerely yours,

SSgt. John Przyborowski, USMC

Corp. M. T. Wilson, USMC

Marine Maint & Const., MCAAS

Edenton, N. C.

● It hardly seems possible that an officer would tell you to take your dungaree coat out of your trousers, since that is the way the Marine Corps Manual shows it. That is the regulation way to wear the dungaree uniform.

Your training problem is strictly local. Perhaps your letter will bring results!—Ed.

BOB HOPE AT INCHON?

Dear Editor:

You really dropped the ball on that query as to whether Bob Hope had beaten the First Marine Division to Wonsan or Inchon. It doesn't take much brainwork to figure that out. Inchon was an amphibious attack on an enemy held port which was strongly contested and for which, in conjunction with the capture of Seoul, the Division was awarded the Presidential Unit Citation. It's safe to assume that

there was no USO troupe there to greet us.

Bob Hope was at Wonsan when the Division made its administrative landing there. To top it off, he left the day the Division landed.

SSgt. Miguel A. Hernandez
Marine Barracks

San Juan, P.R.

HASHMARK?

Dear Sirs:

Would like to get a little scoop on a couple of arguments a few buddies and myself are having.

The first one is: can a Marine, after three years and six months of service wear his first hashmark? It's quite a heated argument between the book worms and the salts.

The second one is: are we getting overseas pay, or are we just getting tax free wages? If we are getting overseas pay, how much does it come to, approximately?

Corp. W. M. Michelson

HqCo., 1st Eng. Bn.

1st Marine Division

FPO, San Francisco, Calif.

● Each hashmark represents four years, not three years and six months. There is no authority permitting a man to wear a service stripe before completing four years of service.

Men in Korea are receiving monthly overseas pay in the following amounts: Privates and Privates First Class, \$8.00; Corporals, \$9.00; Sergeants, \$13.00; Staff Sergeants, \$16.00; Technical Sergeants, \$20.00 and Master Sergeants, \$22.50.—Ed.

PETER J. J. RABBITT

Editor:

Have just finished reading "A Cotton Tale" in the April issue of *Leatherneck*. For your information, there was a Peter J. J. Rabbitt in the Corps. I think he joined in '42 or '43.

After being overseas he was attached to Headquarters, Marine Air West Coast at North Island, San Diego, California and later at Miramar. He was a clerk in the mail room. The reason I know is that I worked in the same office with him. I believe I could get some of the fellows who were with us to verify this.

Sincerely,

Clem Bohnert

2663 North 28 St.

Milwaukee 10, Wis.

● Records at HQMC back you up, Mr. Bohnert. There was a Peter J. J. Rabbitt in the Corps. The editor of the Reserve Marine informs us that a check made by him revealed 14 Marines since 1903 with the name Rabbitt. However none was spelled Rabbitt.—Ed.



Leatherneck Magazine

"EMBASSY DUTY"

Dear Sgt. Ill:

Ever since coming into the Marine Corps I have been wavering between curiosity for and actual desire towards what seems to be vaguely known as "Embassy Duty." Whatever its technical military name, I'm referring to the Marine Guard Detachments at U. S. Embassies and consulates all over the world. It is for the qualifications required for this type duty that I am writing.



It is amazing what the supposedly informed people don't know about the Marine Corps. I have not been able to obtain satisfaction anywhere else. At any rate I would sincerely appreciate your sending the latest information plus an answer to the following question: Does a man's disciplinary record have to be absolutely clean?

Respectfully,

Sgt. Jerome P. Tyson
MAB-33, MAG 33, GCA 41-M
1st Marine Air Wing
PFO, San Francisco, Calif.

● Official title for this duty is "Special Foreign Duty." An applicant must be American born, single, and he must agree to remain single during this tour, except in the case of Master Sergeants. He may be either a Regular or a Reserve, must have twenty-four months of obligated service on date of assignment (Regulars will execute an agreement to extend, Reserves will extend their enlistment and EAD period to meet the requirement), and must have served at least one year on active duty. In regard to disciplinary status: a man must not have had a General Court Martial, nor more than one Special Court Martial and that not in the last two years; nor more than one Summary Court Martial and that not in the last year; and must not have had a commanding officer's punishment in the past six months nor more than one during his current enlistment. The applicant must be of mature behavior and stable character, show negative results on the Schick test or take necessary immunization shots. A GCT of 90 or above is required and he must be physically qualified for overseas duty.—Ed.

END



Hints to the Subaltern of Marines

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The Globe and Laurel

(From Jack's Edition of *Life at Sea or The Jervian System in 183-*, being a series of letters by an old Irish Captain of the Head to his nephew. Printed at Dublin in 1843 by Samuel J. Machen.)

THE GUARD, consisting of from twenty to thirty marines, who are chosen so as to exclude wardroom officer's servants from taking their turns on sentry each succeeding week, are made to toe a line fore and aft, two deep; and the band at the same time (Sunday 0900) range themselves in a line athwart the break of the poop. The serjeant then goes through the form of making an inspection of their accoutrements, as it is called, after which, reporting all perfect to the Lieutenant of Marines, he gives the word "Open pans," "Slope Arms." This is the signal for the Lieutenant to make his inspection, who, commencing at the drummer boy's end of the front rank, observes to the serjeant "that this man's hat is not placed square on his head" who immediately orders the corporal to give it the proper adjustment; a second has perhaps, "too much pipe clay on his coat and not enough on his belts": "That must not

be the case in future, serjeant"; another has not used a sufficient quantity of rotten stone to burnish the brightwork with which he is bedecked; one has the lock of his musket in bad order, too many rags in his cartouche box, or it may be—the touch-hole of his musket is not clear; in fact, any fault found, will according to the system of the service, be sufficient to show that a smart officer is "up to his work." If he cannot discover one in the man's dress or arms, it behooves him, for the sake of his own professional credit, to tell him that "his nose is not straight down the middle of his face" or "his eyes are not of one size." When all have been scrutinized in turn, the orders are given—"Carry Arms"—"Shut Pans"—"Order Arms"—"Right Face"—"Examine Arms," and three or four more, which, when given in a sharp brief style have a very musical effect.

At length after a protracted rattling of ramrods in the barrels of their muskets, and a subsequent examination of them, the inspection is concluded, by orders to "Shoulder Arms, and front." The Captain of Marines now makes a concise inspection, and then goes to the forecabin to report to the worthy captain the "Guard is ready to be inspected by him."

END

AVIATION BIRTHDAY

[continued from page 77]

in a dive, the Japanese tagged it the "whistling death." The Corsairs and their Marine pilots started taking charge of the skies over the Solomons.

Again, as in the first war, Marines started piling up a truculent record in the sky. One semi-cloudy afternoon in April, 1943, a fleet of 160 Japanese fighters and bombers roared down the "slot" to paste the American shipping and installations around Guadalcanal. In the Marine greeting committee, high over the tip of the island, was a 22-year-old lieutenant who had yet to see his first enemy plane. Lieutenant James Swett was at the stick of a Grumman Wildcat. His four plane division went after a formation of Aichi dive bombers swooping in on the ships below. Tailing in behind the bombers Swett slapped down seven planes and a possible eighth in less than 15 minutes. He set a world combat record and won the Congressional Medal of Honor.

While the fighters were deadly in the air, the dive bombers were proving themselves lethal against Japanese shipping and ground targets. Battle wagons, cruisers, destroyers, subs, air

fields and supply dumps all felt the impact of the SBD eggs before the campaign in the Solomons closed. First they shredded the enemy; then, a few months later, they pulverized him. The cost to the Nipponese at the end of the Guadalcanal fracas stood at 1000 lost planes and more than 400 sunken ships.

From a loss of six enemy planes to every one Marine plane during the first battle in the Solomons, Marines, with new improved planes and greater numbers of pilots chalked up a 25 to 1 ratio at the end of the first two years of the war.

During the war Marines flew almost every type of combat craft, from light artillery spotting planes up to medium bombers. They took to the air from aircraft carriers, and newly won, bomb splattered fields on atolls and volcanic islands.

Close air support was worked down to a fine point. As Japanese power in the air waned, Corsairs and light bombers concentrated on blasting bunkers and caves in front of the Japanese pilots' ground anchored brethren. The Marine Air Force pursued the Japanese up to the very doorstep of Japan. By the end of the war Marines had gunned down hundreds of enemy aircraft. One hundred and twenty new aces went on the record. When Japan surrendered in 1945 the rolls of the air arm carried 118,000

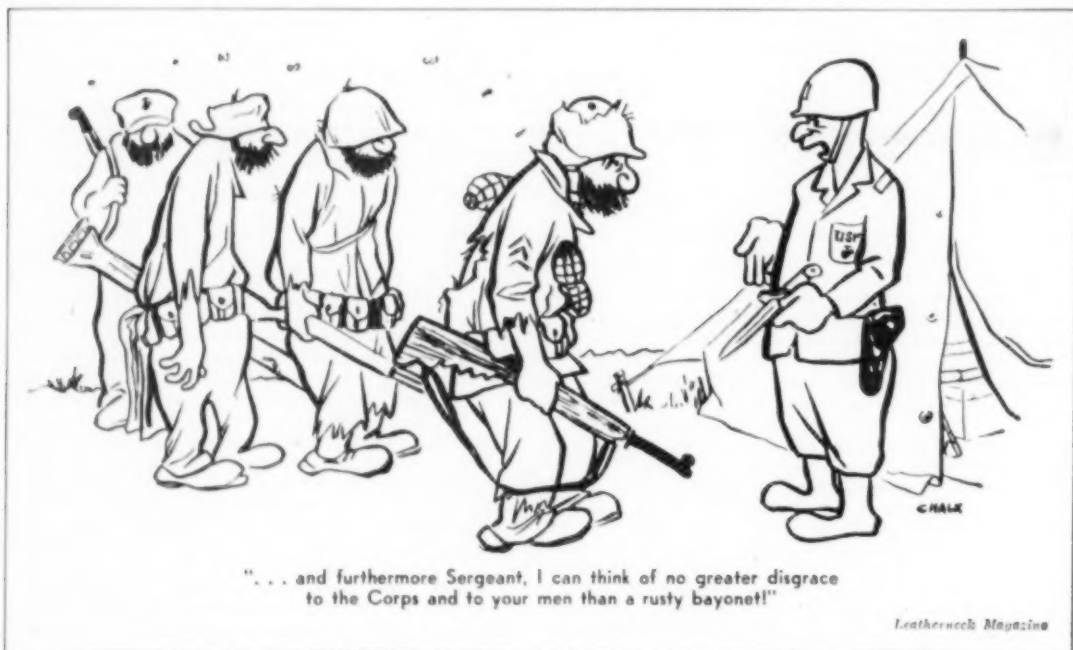
names and four complete air wings were in action.

Peace time cut-backs once again greatly weakened the potential aerial strength of the Marines up until the shooting started in Korea. In the interim the squadrons studied and applied the lessons they learned in the war with the Japanese. Helicopters were perfected and pilots and tacticians started envisioning field jobs for the new equipment. The ideas that were worked out at Quantico were tested in Korean battle with satisfying results.

In 1950 when the Corsairs and Hellcats took to combat again in Pacific skies, Marine air once more commenced its hectic process of building up depleted strength. The Reserves were called back. Pilots and crewmen needed only a short refresher to get back in the groove after their five-year lay off from battle. For over two years the First Marine Air Wing has been slaughtering the gooks with the same hell-for-octane methods that won the last Pacific show for the United States.

But the big story of Marine aviation isn't in the old and revered past. The tale of promise is in the future—in faster jets, guided missiles, triple envelopment tactics and swifter systems of combat supply. And the sky boys who wear the globe and anchor emblems have been looking into the future for a long time . . .

END





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